

MOST UP-TO-DATE CALENDAR IN NEW ENGLAND!

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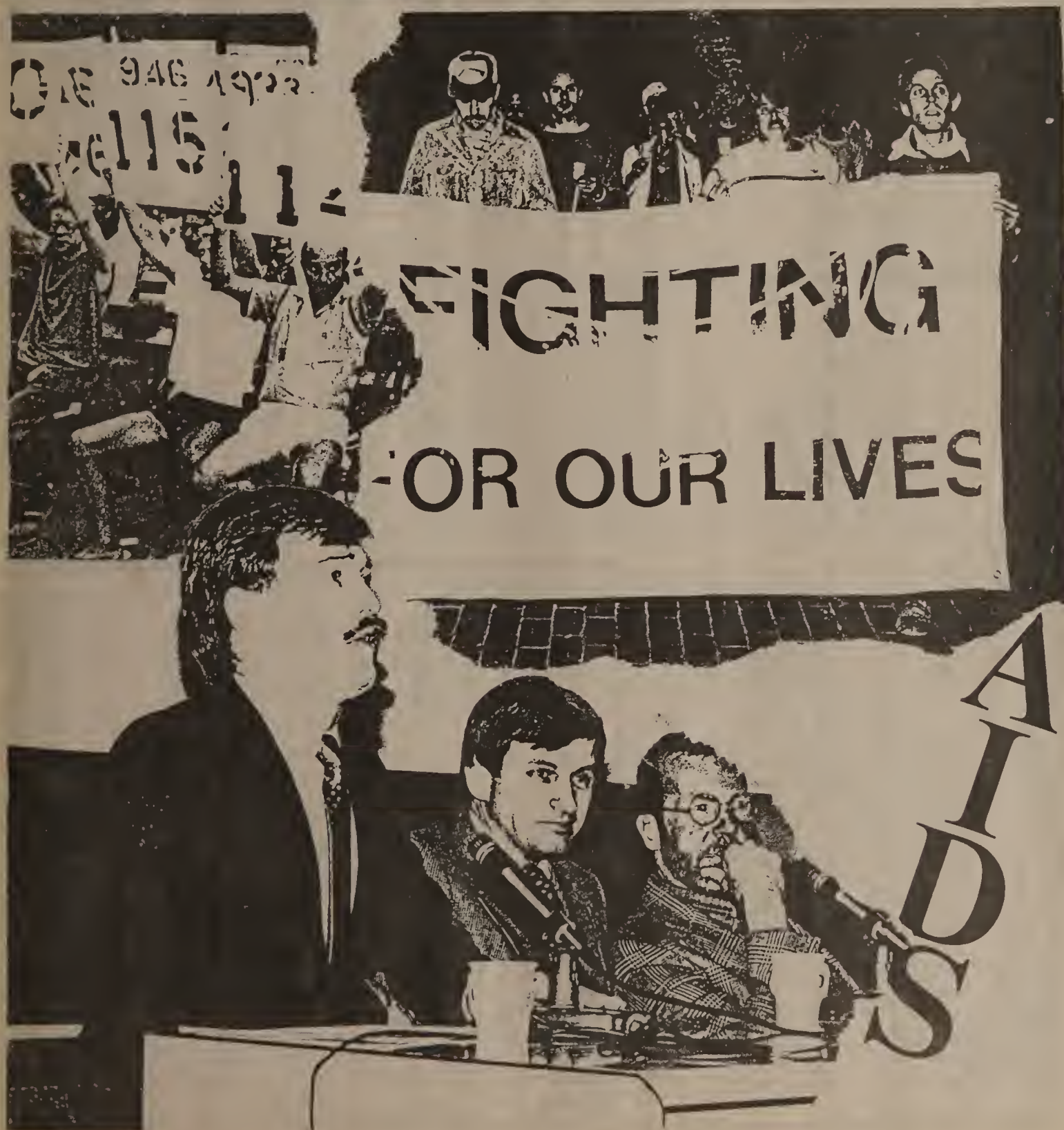
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Politicians Confronted for Anti-Gay Remarks Arizona County Official Stirs Up Controversy

By Christine Guilfooy

PHOENIX, AZ — The chairman of the Maricopa County Board of Supervisors has aroused a storm of controversy by suggesting that gay people from San Francisco be used in medical experimentation instead of stray dogs and cats. The supervisor, Hawley Atkinson, has said that the remarks were "facetious" and that they are being "blown out of proportion" by the press.

Kirk Baxter, the president of the Arizona Lesbian and Gay Task Force (ALGTF) expressed shock at the remarks and has publicly demanded Atkinson's resignation. The supervisor has resisted this and other such resignation calls, including one from the Arizona *Republic*, the area newspaper which originally broke the story.

Atkinson was originally quoted as saying, prior to a county hearing on the sale of impounded animals to medical research facilities, "Why don't they bring in homosexuals and lesbians from San Francisco and let's experiment on them?"

Baxter told GCN that his group has decided to work to unseat Atkinson in his next election bid slated for November, 1984. He said that the ALGTF had con-

sidered mounting a recall election, but the option was dropped because of the length of time and cost that would be involved and also because of the closeness of the next election.

According to Jenny Cox, the Chair of the Maricopa County Democratic Committee, the Board of Supervisors is a "ministate government" which has control over a range of municipal functions including taxes, hospitals, jails, elections, etc. Maricopa County, according to Cox, encompasses about half the state's population. Atkinson represents Sun City, a community of 65,000 people, most of them retirees. He has been on the Board since January of 1977.

In a recent letter to the *Republic*, Atkinson said that his remarks had been "blown out of proportion" by the press, that he did not advocate "medical experiments or physical research on any element of our society." While Atkinson denies culpability for the remarks, he at the same time concedes, "My remarks, regardless of their innocence or guilt should not have been made."

An informed source who wished to remain unidentified, told GCN

that Atkinson has since repeated these remarks, although in more veiled form.

Atkinson did not answer GCN's phone calls to his home and office and was quoted by the *Republic* as saying "enough is too much" and that he would have no further comments on the matter.

Ellen Young, of the ALGTF told GCN that members of the group contacted Atkinson about the remarks and he told them, "When you change your sex lives, I'll apologize." Young said that Atkinson refused to confirm or deny the quote at a news conference held later.

There has been a range of opinion expressed about the remarks with some indications of strong support for Atkinson. At the least, it is generally conceded that the remarks will not hurt Atkinson in his reelection bid.

Arthur Knapp, the head of the Republican precinct in Sun City, said that the anti-gay remarks will have no effect, either positive or negative on Atkinson's vote-getting potential.

Some people, such as Cox, believe it will actually help. "Atkinson has increased his

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Glenn's New York Backer Quits Campaign

By Peg Bryon

NEW YORK — State Senator Manfred Ohrenstein quit the John Glenn presidential campaign on Dec. 15 in response to Glenn's condemnation of homosexuality six weeks ago. Ohrenstein, whose Manhattan district contains one of the country's largest gay constituencies, is the New York state Senate minority leader and as Glenn's New York campaign chief, was crucial to Glenn's plan to win the majority of New York's 285 delegates to the Democratic National Convention. In an official statement released by his office, Ohrenstein said he was resigning because the Ohio Democrat's position on gay rights has "eroded his credibility on civil rights issues, while alienating the liberal as well as the gay community, and thereby endangering his capability of beating Reagan."

Another prominent liberal supporter of Glenn is Sen. Paul Tsongas of Massachusetts, a co-sponsor of the federal gay/lesbian civil rights bill. GCN contacted Tsongas's Boston campaign office to ask whether he intends to withdraw his support of Glenn on account of the candidate's anti-gay statements. Tsongas spokesman Frank Daley said that

Tsongas had not withdrawn his support for Glenn, nor did he intend to waver on his co-sponsorship of the federal legislation. Daley acknowledged that there are areas of disagreement between Tsongas and his favorite candidate and that "one thing [Tsongas] would hope to do would be to move Sen. Glenn on those issues where they disagree."

Ohrenstein had promised to "turn Glenn around" on gay rights after the presidential hopeful told a meeting of New York liberal Democrats on Nov. 3 that he did not support the federal lesbian and gay rights bill. "It is not the government's job to endorse personal sexual preferences," the former astronaut said. Ohrenstein immediately received criticism from gay Democrats for backing Glenn and the controversy was followed closely by the local news media. Ohrenstein did not publicly quit the campaign, however, until after Glenn's latest New York visit for a fundraiser on Dec. 13, which Ohrenstein announced he was boycotting.

More than 30 lesbian and gay protestors demonstrated in the pouring rain that Tuesday night,

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GCN Reporter Arrested

Cops Bust 70 Anti-Nuke Demonstrators

"December 1983 sees the deployment of medium-range U.S. missiles throughout Europe. Despite Reagan's 'global limit' of warheads concept, tension is on the increase. The international implication of industry is a worldwide missile market in full expansion. Funding in the U.S. alone has soared to \$18 billion. Technological advances in electronics, structures and propulsion are creating new opportunities for autonomous/multi-mode guidance, advanced seekers and sensors, sophisticated tracking and jamming, more kills per pass, kinetic energy weapons, maneuvering missiles, ducted rockets, etc. At the same time, severe customer affordability problems are creating tougher demands than ever on contractors to reduce costs."

—From the program, conference on "New Trends in Missile Systems and Technology: A Technology and Marketing Imperative," Boston, Mass., December 12-13, 1983.

By Larry Goldsmith

BOSTON — It was to be a slightly closer perspective on a news story than I had ever actually intended. I had arisen at 4:30 on a Monday morning and taken a subway train to Park Square to be at a 6:15 meeting for the legal observers who, under the auspices of the Civil Liberties Union of Massachusetts, would be monitoring an anti-war demonstration outside the Howard Johnson's hotel.

Inside the hotel, conference-goers paying \$495 each

would be spending two days listening to representatives from both branches of the military-industrial complex discuss marketing strategies for the latest in technological warfare.

Outside the hotel, several hundred protesters, including a substantial number of lesbians, were expected to show up for a demonstration called by the New England Campaign to Stop the Euro-missiles, "a coalition of more than seventy peace, labor, feminist, and human rights groups opposed to the deployment of Cruise and Pershing 2 missiles in Europe." Demonstration organizers had earlier applied for and received a police permit to stage their protest outside the hotel, but when Boston police learned that some protesters had additionally planned a separate civil disobedience action outside the hotel, they revoked the demonstrators' permit and threatened to arrest even people who might show up for a legal picket. Judy Freiworth, staff person for the Campaign, said Boston Police Superintendent Joseph Saia told her the peace demonstration would be "a large breach of peace."

That's when the Civil Liberties Union of Massachusetts (CLUM) stepped in. CLUM told the police that while they had every right under the law to arrest those who participated in the civil disobedience, they could not legally arrest or threaten those who participated in a legal, moving picket line.

In a statement released three days before the demonstration, Freiworth noted that "Massachusetts law does not require a permit for a moving picket, and those

protesting will merely be exercising their rights to assembly and free speech. We hope that the Boston police respect those rights, and the rights of everyone speaking out against this conference and the arms race it supports."

As a backup to their hopeful attitude, demonstration organizers had rounded up a group of legal observers, mostly attorneys and law students, who would place themselves conspicuously among the protesters, observe the proceedings, attempt to keep open lines of communication with the police, and serve as witnesses should the day's events become a matter of dispute in court. Now, in the chilly minutes before dawn, the legal observers huddled in the shadows of Park Square to confer among themselves before joining the first arrivals on the picket line.

I left the observers to go have a look at the area in front of the hotel where the demonstration would actually take place. A couple dozen police and a few reporters had already arrived on the scene and were making preparations. I said hello to police superintendent John Geagan and asked him if he expected to make many arrests. Not if the demonstrators kept moving, he replied.

The ranks of the picket line swelled, and the protesters marched to the chants and drumbeats of a newly-arrived group of Buddhist monks. Word came down that the civil disobedience people planned to arrive en masse around 7:30 a.m. As the appointed time drew near, I fastened my press credentials — a GCN picture ID and a no-nonsense card

issued by the Massachusetts State Police — to the front of my coat, and I crossed the street to join the press corps in its position in front of the hotel.

It wasn't long before a group of about 40 people appeared at the end of the block and began moving slowly toward us. The photographers and the police ran to meet them, but the mass of people just kept moving. When the entourage arrived at a police barricade set up in front of the hotel driveway, the

protesters stopped, and, in a graceful move of nearly balletic precision, they sat down.

The police charged in. About a dozen cops on motorcycles and on horseback moved directly into the sitting protesters, revving their engines and threatening people on the ground with a good stomping. The press had scattered and I ducked out of the way, but a group of cops shoved me into the street, where some of their colleagues

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News Notes

quote of the week

Hanna: The... statement that you've made... is that everyone in this hearing room undoubtedly has at least one gay family member or close friend. That definitely is a wild statement that you have no knowledge of whatsoever.

Silber: That's not true, Mr. Hanna.

Hanna: Oh? Well, who in my family is gay?

Silber: Mr. Hanna, if someone in your family were gay, they would have great reason not to tell you.

—An exchange between William Hanna, member of the Montgomery County (Maryland) Council and opponent of a proposed county bill granting civil rights to gay men and lesbians, and Susan Silber, a lesbian attorney testifying on behalf of the bill for the ACLU chapter in Montgomery County. The debate took place at a hearing on the bill held in late November before the Council. The bill, while expected to pass, will probably not be considered before January, according to the Washington Blade.

effort to close gay businesses underway

WASHINGTON, DC — A petition drive to close all homosexual establishments in response to an assumed general AIDS contagion was begun in late October, according to *The Weekly News* of Miami. This effort goes beyond bathhouses and bookstores to include restaurants and shops owned and operated by gay people.

The American Family Association, under the signature of its president, Daniel Villanueva, has distributed about 350,000 petitions calling on U.S. Surgeon General Dr. C. Everett Koop to shut down all gay businesses to "quarantine all homosexual establishments," a matter crucial to the health and security of American families, according to Villanueva. The well-documented fact that AIDS is not spread by casual contact was politely ignored by the conservative group in its hysterical pitch.

The chairperson of Miami's Health Crisis Network, Bill Kipp, commented, "If they close all the shops and restaurants run by gays, there won't be any left."

out in the cold

RHINELANDER, WI — The local gay/lesbian support group has lost its meeting space at a church here, according to *Out!* newspaper of Madison.

The St. Joseph's Catholic Church board of directors overruled Father Allen Bradley, who had granted permission to the group to use church space for meetings, and told the Rhinelander Rap Group to leave. Group coordinator Diane Nyland said that board members apparently thought the church basement was being used for sexual purposes. Although Nyland met with some board members about their decision, she did not expect the decision to be changed.

Father Bradley attributed the denial of space to parishioners' complaints that the church was sponsoring sinners. "A lot of people have associated the Rhinelander Rap Group's name with our church," he said. The priest pointed out that no protests have been lodged against other "sinners' " groups meeting at the church, such as Alcoholics Anonymous.

The group has found temporary housing and will celebrate its first anniversary in January, in a new permanent home, members hope. More than a dozen men and women attend regular meetings in Rhinelander, one of the largest towns in north-central Wisconsin.

Nyland reports a large number of phone calls from gay men and lesbians in the surrounding area who are experiencing extreme isolation. But, she also said that many gay people in that area were worried about losing their jobs if they came out, because unemployment in the region is very high.

abortion clinic hit by arsonist

EVERETT, WA — The Feminist Women's Health Center was the scene of a fire that damaged the abortion clinic and will put it out of business for up to four weeks, according to the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*. The Dec. 3 fire is thought to be the work of an arsonist. One fire department investigator said he is "95 percent sure it was an arson fire."

The clinic has been the scene of continual picketing by local anti-abortion groups since it opened in August. Just the weekend before the fire, pro-abortion picketers staged a counterdemonstration at the clinic and drove the anti-abortion group away.

Fire damages are estimated at \$40,000, but clinic supporters hope to re-open in two to four weeks.

At a press conference, staff member Diane Hale said the "pro-life groups spread their hatred and abuse throughout the country. These acts are not isolated to Everett or Washington state."

somewhere else to reopen

BOSTON — Leslie McGrath of the women's bar, Somewhere/Else, forced to curtail business because of a fire, told GCN that the bar will reopen and many of the same staff will return. Currently, renovation work on the building and in the bar is continuing. No opening date has been set.

There was a fundraiser for the bar on Sunday, December 11 which netted about \$5,000.00 to benefit the employees. McGrath said that she will be part of a committee to distribute the funds but she herself will not be a recipient.

Somewhere/Else is still looking for a place to hold its New Year's Eve party, but final plans have not been made. To receive up-to-date information, women are encouraged to call 423-7730.

Meanwhile, the arson squad continues to investigate the fire, which began on the floors above the bar in a men's bath, Le Spa. One source close to the investigation told GCN that pieces of the floor have just been sent for analysis to see if there was an accelerant used. He also said that the mattresses that were used in the upstairs were highly flammable and could have been the cause for the fire's rapid spread. The arson squad is questioning those associated with the building as well as those who were in the building at the time of the fire's outbreak.

youth support their elders

LONDON — The Gay Youth Movement in London, which was the first lesbian and gay organization in the United Kingdom to condemn the prosecution of members of the Pedophile Information Exchange (PIE) when they came under attack a few years ago in a more general right-wing attack on gay and other fringe groups in Great Britain, has announced that they will act as coordinators of the defense fund being set up for the arrested members of PIE. This comes on the heels of the Midland Banks' closing of the PIE bank account.

The statement from the Gay Youth Movement says that the defendants and their supporters need money to expose this "farcical prosecution" and asks that contributions be sent to BM-GYM, London WC1N 3XX England, with a note making it clear that the money is intended for the defense fund.



boston gay businessman dies

BOSTON — Bob White, a gay businessman died in Brockton of cancer on Dec. 5. White's career as a bar manager and owner spanned a quarter of a century and included stints at Sporter's, Somewhere, the 1270 and the Randolph Country Club. He was 50 years old.

White may be best known for his careful nurturing of that venerable institution, Sporter's, from a straight to a gay bar in the mid-1950s. White started working there as a bartender in 1957. As manager of the bar, he solidified its identity as a gay bar after a brief interruption of business in 1959 due to a fire. White managed Sporter's until 1970 when he opened the 1270. He opened Somewhere in 1976 and in 1977 established the Randolph Country Club as gay turf.

A friend and co-worker of White's, Paul Bentley, told GCN that one of White's contributions to the Boston gay scene was the gender integration of some of the city's nightspots, such as Somewhere and the 1270. "The bars that Bob started were for gay men and lesbians. He had many lesbian friends... and was supportive of [the women] who took over Somewhere... He'll be missed greatly throughout the whole community."

Funeral services were held Thursday, Dec. 8 at the Paulist Center of Park Street. Father Paul Shanley and Elaine Noble delivered eulogies at the memorial service.

lesbian elected state n.o.w. president

HARRISBURG, PA — Mary Nancarrow, 32, has been elected president of the Pennsylvania National Organization for Women for the next two years, according to Philadelphia's *Gay News*.

Nancarrow defeated longtime NOW activist Phyllis Wetherby of Pittsburgh by a vote of 201-123. Nancarrow will leave her job as the only openly gay investigator with the Pennsylvania Human Rights Commission to assume full-time duties as the state chapter president of the 10,000 member organization.

Nancarrow, of Harrisburg, said, "We will involve and include lesbians in every issue area—reproductive rights, the Equal Rights Amendment, eliminating racism, violence against women, and economic justice." She also said that passage of comprehensive gay rights measures in cities around the state will be a priority for her administration. Presently, only Harrisburg and Philadelphia have enacted such legislation.

milk/moscone murderer may go to another state

SAN FRANCISCO — California state prison officials have reversed an earlier stand and now say they will consider carefully any request Dan White may make to serve his parole outside the state of California, according to the *Sentinel*. Earlier, they had said they preferred the convicted killer of gay Supervisor Harvey Milk and Mayor George Moscone serve his parole time in the state.

Officials also said they probably will not divulge details concerning White's Jan. 6, 1984 release, after which he is scheduled to serve one year's parole. Apparently, officials are concerned for White's safety, whose release has received much negative attention in the San Francisco gay press and community. White will have served five years for the manslaughter convictions resulting from the slayings of Milk and Moscone.

porn spies

WASHINGTON — A Pentagon study of long distance calls by the Defense Intelligence Agency shows the military's spies spent about \$25,000 a month in calls to a New York City "Dial-a-Porn" number, according to a UPI dispatch.

The Pentagon's inspector general estimated the "potential monetary impact" from the porn calls to be about \$300,000 a year. The fun's over, though, because the inspector general recommended that an electronic block be placed against the New York number and the Pentagon complied. But, get ready taxpayers and tax resistors, to keep the spyboys from getting off on our money costs the following: a \$150 installation fee plus a \$15 monthly charge.

Whatever became of that famous military discipline?—Ed.

foundation formed to cure dangerous heterosexual disease

LOS ANGELES — A foundation has been created to stamp out homophobia. The foundation is named after comedian Eddie Murphy, who, on a Columbia record album and in an HBO special program, justified a six-minute verbal attack on gay people because he is afraid of contracting AIDS from girlfriends who "hang out with gay people."

The Eddie Murphy's Disease Foundation, in an advertisement, stated, "Yes, Eddie Murphy, like millions of his friends, suffers from homophobia: an irrational and uncontrollable fear of homosexuality. Too many people were confusing homophobia with other diseases, like hemophilia, so from now on let's just call it Eddie Murphy's Disease."

The group advocates a letter writing campaign to Columbia Records and HBO to protest Murphy's anti-gay remarks and to let them know that Murphy's "faggot jokes" are as unacceptable as a white comedian telling "nigger jokes." They also suggest returning the album or video disk if buyers find it offensive. And, finally, the foundation wants people to spread the word. "You don't have to be black to help stamp out racism. You don't have to be gay to help eliminate Eddie Murphy's Disease," the ad reads.

Among other odious remarks, Murphy said on the HBO special, "I'm afraid of gay people. Petrified. I have nightmares about gay people." And Murphy also said that, during his performances, he tries to avoid the "faggot section" of his audiences because "faggots aren't allowed to look at my ass when I'm on stage."

The Foundation is distributing bumper stickers which read, "Eddie Murphy's Disease can be cured!" To get one, send a stamped self-addressed envelope to The Eddie Murphy's Disease Foundation, Box 691585, Los Angeles, CA 90069.

News Commentary

AIDS: Putting the Pieces Together

By Cindy Patton

AIDS: 1983. Many questions, virtually no answers. The great hopes of the year — to get the government to respond, and to cure AIDS — dashed. The easy solution — raise a lot of money and unleash the lobbyists — proved ineffective at quelling or harnessing the panic of a community under attack.

The year began with massive mobilizing efforts on the part of new organizations formed to respond to the AIDS crisis — Gay Men's Health Crisis in New York City, Kaposi's Sarcoma Foundation and the Shanti Project in San Francisco, the AIDS Action Committee in Boston, Health Crisis Network in Miami, and many others in cities large and small.

The summer brought a sudden drop in interest, evidenced by dwindling ticket sales to fundraising events and a general "back to life as usual" attitude born of the frustration with no cure, no answers, and a sneaking suspicion that the hype was a plot by straight society to scare gays out of bed and back into closets. As straight media dropped AIDS this fall with a virtual news blackout, the gay community, in desperation and confusion also drifted away from dealing with the problem of AIDS.

Theories

At the beginning of 1983, the research trend favored "overload" theories, based on the hypothesis that gay men subjected their bodies to enormous stress caused by recreational drugs, poor eating and sleeping habits, and too much sex with too many people carrying other sexually transmissible diseases. The "gay lifestyle," according to these theories, wipes out the body's ability to fight off known infectious agents.

But as more cases not fitting this pattern piled in, researchers failed to draw conclusive links between the "gay lifestyle" and immune system breakdown in AIDS. "Single agent" theories became increasingly popular. Most scientists who favor these theories maintain that a virus is responsible for AIDS, although no one has isolated the virus, or explained its genesis or workings. Some researchers are even calling AIDS "a new kind of disease."

Even if the cause of AIDS is discovered, the "cure" and prevention will be some time coming. Part of the current research is devoted to discovering the cause by trying various methods of forestalling or reversing immune system breakdown. But studies of interferon, interleukin, chemotherapy, holistic healing, visualization, acupuncture, and other tested and untested therapies have not produced a breakthrough.

In addition to the scientific theories and evidence (or lack of evidence, since scientific research often consists of ruling out factors rather than proving them) is a growing paranoia that someone's research germs got loose and landed in the gay community. With daily reports on secret chemical and biological warfare (defensive, of course) and glowing reports on gene-splicing, the cloak and dagger fears seem increasingly realistic.

And of course, it was no surprise to veteran politicians that the Centers for Disease Control (CDC) lied. In credible investigative research, Randy Shilts discovered that, contrary to previous assurances that CDC had plenty of money, documents released under a Freedom of Information request show that AIDS research was underfinanced, but officials feared for their jobs if they went public. (See *New York Native*, Dec. 19, 1983.) Does this prove that continual badgering will make the government spend money? Or only confirm the cynical attitude that the government does not care? Where to put time and energy will continue to be a major issue as AIDS organizers re-evaluate their strategies for 1984.

Community Response

Hope against hope was pinned on a miracle cure that every bone in our queerbashed, doctor-abused, and government-neglected bodies knew would not come. Many capable organizers lent their talents simultaneously to create networks to care for the sick and lobby for an all-out national research effort.

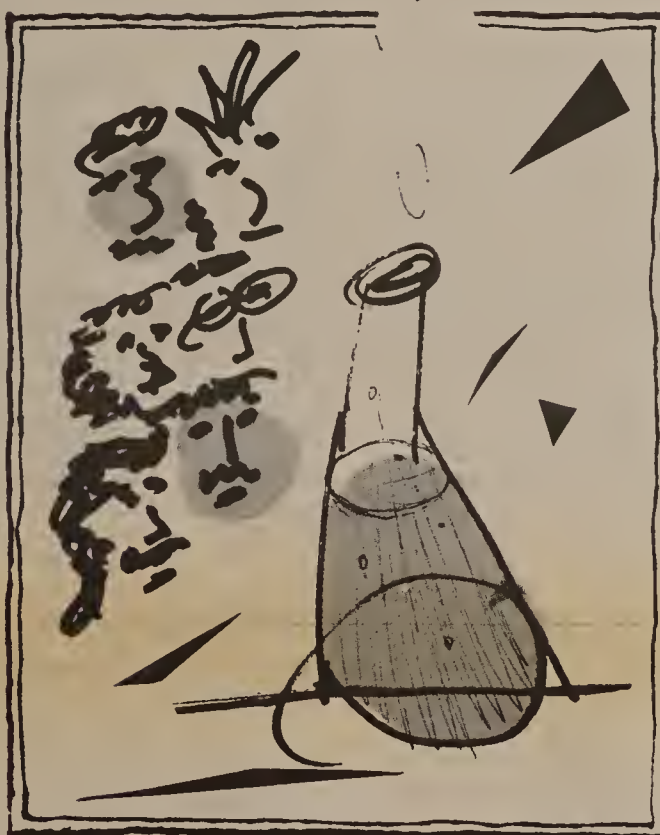
But individual denial dredged up in an illusion of self-protection produced a malaise in the gay movement. People with AIDS and those closest to them, including activists, were shunted into the corner as hysterical Untouchables, reminders that AIDS is still here. This isolation of AIDS work results in part from the failure of the gay community to understand AIDS in the context of gay liberation, from the inability to recognize AIDS organizing as a movement within a movement.

Each incidence of AIDS is a confrontation with every aspect of homophobia — coming out to medical providers, accepting the diagnosis of a fatal illness that is labeled "gay," educating homophobic or just ignorant hospital staffs, fighting for social services and money, convincing hospitals and biological families that lovers and friends have a right to be at the bedside, working with lawyers on wills and being at funeral homes and memorial services. At each step, there is no escaping the fact that you are gay, that hardly anyone cares about the life or death of a gay person, that the entire system is set up to provide for the needs of heterosexual families, not gay friends and lovers.

The inability of the gay movement as a whole to interrelate AIDS work with the many other items on its political agenda left vast segments of the lesbian and gay community sitting on the sidelines wondering how and why to plug in.

Even those most able to see the connections weren't completely ready to jump into the fray — some longtime gay and women's health activists wondered, "Where were you when we were talking about VD, hepatitis, toxic shock syndrome, and reproductive rights?" and were amazed, even a bit angry that AIDS organizers could garner big bucks so quickly.

The last few years have seen the rise of a new style of gay politics, one that includes gay choruses, sports teams,



motorcycle clubs, and virtually any manifestation of comfortably open gay men. AIDS organizers were able to quickly mobilize the checkbooks and, to a lesser extent, the energies of, as John Preston has called it, the "clone revolution." The discomfort and silence among some radicals and others not enfranchised by the burgeoning gay ghettos sensibility led to a misperception that AIDS was an illness affecting primarily upwardly mobile, white gays. Still unpurged is the Victorian assumption that "decadence" leads to "diseases of excess" (the overload theory of AIDS): disease and death are the payments for too much sexual freedom.

But the statistics on people with AIDS paint a very different picture. A disproportionate number of black and hispanic gays appears in many of the cities hit hardest by AIDS. And yet, AIDS organizers are indeed more often white men (and women) than the proportion of all AIDS cases, a racial disparity that mimics organizers of the gay movement at large.

The structure and public face of some of the larger AIDS organizations has contributed to the uncertainty of people more accustomed to un-financed ad hoc groups. The urgency of AIDS organizing has transformed grassroots organizations into committee-laden institutions. But the heavy reliance on medical, psychological, and financial professionals and the concomitant need to look "respectable" to funding agencies has likewise confronted previous women's and gay health and counseling organizations.

AIDS organizations are too new to have experienced the full effect of the apparent trend toward greater centralization and national networking, but we can frame some of the questions. Do more stratified groups encourage volunteers by appearing credible, or intimidate them into feeling that you have to be professional to do AIDS work? Is the lack of broad third world participation related to the seemingly traditional style of operation? How is the community's sense of the accountability of and their responsibility to AIDS organizations affected by the use of state and federal funding? How willing are AIDS organizations to experiment with alternative medicine if many key members and much money come from traditional medicine? Certainly a great deal of professional assistance is required, but it is equally essential to remain open to a wide variety of input, including alternative models for medical, mental health and political strategies.

Many of the people involved in AIDS are coming to gay politics for the first time, or after a long hiatus, and so the gay consciousness developed within the AIDS movement will have no small impact on the future of lesbian and gay organizing.

AIDS: The Enemy Within

The essential difference with AIDS philosophically is that the "enemy" is perceived as lying within our own bodies. The response is an impulse to turn our sick bodies and minds over to professional care, to the doctors and psychologists who have replaced the clergy as the arbiters of our sinfulness. The life and death reality of AIDS forces us to deal with a medical establishment that has done little to deserve our confidence. The strategies and politics that surround the AIDS movement's approach to organized medicine must be laced with some amount of cynicism, and a critical perspective. That is the crux of the dilemma: how do we criticize the establishment which currently seems to be the only one able to deal with a medical syndrome on this scale? How do we get fair treatment when confronting miscreant workers sometimes means no care at all?

Those who have not contracted AIDS have other problems: the perception that AIDS is an enemy within dredges up guilt over being gay, over having sex. The sense that the enemy is among us rather than outside has fragmented the gay community. Unthinkingly, panicking lesbians and gay men are blaming the very people they have marched next to in other years. Gay men scrutinize each other, and wonder, "Will I get it from him? Or he from me?"

The extension of this logic is that we must turn to some power outside ourselves, even outside our community, to get "cured," to be absolved of the guilt that gay people have somehow brought this on ourselves. Science, if we are good little gays, will wave its magic wand over us and make us well. But the price may be our sexuality.

There has been great debate in the gay community about changing sexual behavior at this time when we are hit by a disease of unknown origin and transmission. Once again, the scientific answer was no answer at all, and the October issue of the *Action Report* (published by the Board of Medical Quality Assurance of the Department of Consumer Affairs in California) adopted the following recommendations from the Task Force on AIDS:

"Plainly put, AIDS appears to be spread only by direct sexual contact (most often homosexual) and by inoculation of blood from a person with AIDS (as with intravenous drug abuse).

AIDS is not spread by any of the following:

1. Casual contact with an AIDS patient or a person possibly incubating AIDS. This would include being in the same room, working in the same office, shaking hands, riding in a crowded bus, turning the same doorknob, sharing meals or communal cups, sharing swimming pool, whirlpool or hot tub facilities.

2. Foodhandlers who might be AIDS carriers. . . ."

But there are still no clearcut guidelines for a community so rich in variety of sexual practice, that wants desperately to be told, "You will not get AIDS."

All of the studies, all of the money, all of the theories in the world will not change the reality of those who have or will get AIDS. And for those involved in organizing, there is a long road ahead. We will still hope for answers, even for the one Right Answer. But the real question is whether and how the whole gay community can come together to deal with all of the issues of homophobia — in ourselves and in society that we feel so intensely as a result of this confrontation with AIDS. That answer may not stop these deaths, but it will certainly affect the quality of life while we live with AIDS.

New York

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when a Glenn cocktail party drew limousines of politicians and socialites to the Sheraton Center on Seventh Ave. and 52nd St. The protestors, including a man dressed in a space suit with a pink triangle, followed the fundraisers to a benefit performance of *Zorba*. Almost the same number of counterdemonstrators from the Family Defense Coalition, made up of conservative Jews and born-again Christians, also braved the downpour and shouted support for John Glenn's anti-gay rights stance. They had not met with

Glenn, however, one of them said.

Earlier that day lesbian and gay activists met with Glenn, his wife and some aides, at a meeting arranged by Ohrenstein, to explain the effects of discrimination against gay men and lesbians in areas such as the military, immigration, AIDS research funding and the availability of social services. They also explained the need for an executive order to protect gay federal employees. Virginia Appuzzo, executive director of the National Gay Task Force later said that Glenn remained "intransigent" on the issues.

Tom Dwayne, a Democratic district leader in Manhattan, said

Glenn's concerns focused on such things as whether gayness is acquired at birth, developmentally, or by exposure to role models like teachers. Dwayne said Glenn also reminisced about his experiences in military boot camp and was concerned about gays in the military because beds are sometimes "less than two feet apart."

At a press conference earlier that day, Glenn told reporters that perhaps positions for teachers and YMCA directors, Glenn's role models, should not be included in nondiscrimination policies protecting lesbians and gay men.

"It was clear that there had not been a tremendous amount of

education around gay issues in Glenn's campaign," Dwayne later said. "Will 24 million lesbians and gay men have to wait for Glenn to

make up his mind about how we got to be gay in order to get our rights?" Dwayne asked.

Sen. John Glenn's statement to the New Democratic Coalition in New York City on Nov. 3:

"I firmly believe in civil liberties and social justice for all Americans and I have practiced that belief in the businesses I have operated, in my Senate office, and in the campaign. But I will not advocate or promote homosexuality."

"Americans' beliefs about the acceptability of sexual preference or lifestyle reflect their personal values and convictions. I do not feel that it is appropriate for the federal government to extend the reach of Title VII of the Civil Rights Act to govern those questions of personal conviction."

"Title VII now covers matters of race, creed, sex, color and national origin. These are all matters of religious or genetic attributes. I do not believe it is advisable to broaden and extend Title VII into areas of personal behavior."

Community Voices

cultural imperialism

Dear GCN,

I am writing in response to Sally Roma's letter, published in the December 3 issue of *GCN* under the heading "oink." I must admit that I have a sense of déjà vu writing this letter, having written a similar letter to *GCN* just over a year ago regarding homophobia in Cuba. I am sorry that I am once again forced to write against the cultural imperialism that, unfortunately, continues to be present in the gay community as well as other communities in the United States.

I do not blame Sally Roma for being "pissed off" at Daniel Ortega for referring to homosexuality in prison as a vice. Homosexuality is not a vice, in prison or out. However, to withhold support from the Nicaraguan revolution on grounds of homophobia is inexcusable. The most important thing the Sandinistas fought for was the right to national self-determination. As progressive North Americans, our responsibility is to fight for Nicaragua's continued right to self-determination, without intervention — either covert or direct — from the United States. Our job *IS NOT* to set the Sandinistas' priorities for them, or to hold them accountable to us in the United States for their decisions. The Nicaraguan government is accountable to the people of Nicaragua, not to the people of the United States, gay or straight. By withholding our support because we are not entirely satisfied with their social progress over the past five years, we are clearly stating that we do not believe in Nicaragua's right to self-determination any more than our government does, with its destabilization programs and its threats of invasion.

This is not to say that we cannot criticize the Nicaraguan government for its shortcomings. If we find the Sandinistas homophobic, we should tell them so, openly and to their faces. (You no longer need a visa to visit Nicaragua, and there are regular flights from the United States.) But we should not question their right to representative government, their right to education, adequate health care and increased economic stability, or their right to peace because we are "pissed off" at Daniel Ortega. Homophobia is a serious problem, but I cannot help but feel that the fight for national self-determination in Nicaragua, and the struggle for peace that is going on there now, is more important. If the United States succeeds in overthrowing the Nicaraguan government, as we are currently attempting to do, than all Nicaraguans will suffer, gay and straight alike. QUE VIVA NICARAGUA LIBRE!

Sincerely,

Debbie Wald
Cambridge, MA

DOUBLE SPACE YOUR LETTERS!!!

GCN publishes all the letters it receives, unedited, on a space-available basis, unless they contain personal attacks. Anonymous letters will not be published, but names will be withheld upon request. Address letters to:

Community Voices, *Gay Community News*, 167 Tremont St., 5th Floor, Boston, MA 02111.

TIME HEALS ALL WOUNDS...

Its been a long time since August, and the staff of the *Gay Community News* is tired! So we *will* be taking our 11th Annual Winter Holiday. That means we will be gone during the week of December 26 - 30, and you won't get a paper during the week of January 2 - 6. So savor every word of Volume 11, Number 24, 'cause its gotta last you for two weeks!

Love,
the staff

lesbians of color

Dear Editors:

The first National Lesbians of Color Conference, September 8-11, in Malibu, CA, brought together lesbians of color from all over the country. There were some excellent workshops and individual discussions which addressed the survival needs of lesbians of color. This gathering, which the conference organizers worked hard to bring about, was another step in building a national movement of lesbians of color.

However, crucial issues and serious problems arose which were not fully discussed or resolved, with no adequate time for debate, plenaries or resolutions.

During the conference, some women criticized straight women of color for being workshop presenters, for relating to men "the enemy" and for not *being* lesbian. Others questioned the right of light-skinned women of color to be there and later complained that one conference organizer wasn't 'apparently' a woman of color. The discussion raged around "Who is a lesbian of color?"

The organizers explained they had sent out a questionnaire nationally, requesting suggestions for speakers. Among the names often requested were Nellie Wong and Mitsuye Yamada, two straight women of color, who as writer-activists are respected nationally for their long history of fighting for lesbian and gay rights. Wong, Yamada and other straight women were invited and attended in solidarity with lesbians of color, thinking they would be welcome. Naturally, they wouldn't have attended if they had been told otherwise.

These attacks on straight and light-skinned women of color resulted from two parallel ideologies: lesbian separatism and cultural nationalism: trends which increase the divisions by race, sex and sexuality fostered by our oppressors.

Lesbian separatism makes a principle of separation from men and straight women, perpetuating instead of confronting racism and sexism. Cultural nationalists consider their culture to be superior to others and elevate race liberation to a priority above other oppressions. Separatism is a principle of cultural nationalism and this leads to racist and sexist divisions — separating us among ourselves and from our

white allies. Both rigidly define who is an ally and who an enemy, not seeing that sexuality, race and culture are interrelated, dynamic and fluid.

Both ideologies also ignore class differences and the need for working class unity based on feminism and anti-racism. There was not one workshop on working lesbians of color. Instead the focus was on spontaneity, spirituality, personal growth and socializing. The tone was anti-political, anti collective-action. Some even attacked resolutions as 'white and male'. To agree on proposals for action is not a racial or sexual characteristic but a means of organizing.

Lesbians at this conference often referred to the search for the sacred 'safe space' where we are all the same. This is an avoidance of confrontation in our communities, in society. Separation is a retreat which only a privileged few can enjoy. Real safety will come by uniting with all our allies to defeat the right wing, capitalism and the patriarchy. Lesbians of color have the potential from our place at the bottom to do this, and turn all of society around.

There's nothing wrong with an autonomous conference for lesbians of color only, but if straight women of color are invited, they shouldn't be attacked. We hope at future LOC conferences, participants will respect all women of color who actively fight for lesbian and gay rights, and that we will affirm our solidarity with the struggles of all women of color, regardless of skin pigmentation or sexuality.

On October 15, over a hundred lesbians of color gathered in Berkeley at the Pacific Center. There was a discussion of the LOC Conference, and a beginning of tentative plans for the next. We talked of the need to continue the unresolved discussions concerning the inter and intra-group racism, nationalism, lesbian separatism, and how to build connections among us. This is an exciting and positive continuation of what began at the Lesbians of Color Conference in Malibu.

Nancy Reiko, Oakland, CA
Midge Ward, Seattle, WA
Nellie Wong, Oakland, CA
Merle Woo, San Francisco, CA
Emily Woo Yamasaki, New York
for Radical Women

Managing Editor

Gay Community News is seeking applicants for the position of Managing Editor. Ability to facilitate a democratic decision making process, and administrative experience within a non-hierarchical setting helpful, as well as a knowledge of gay journalism and familiarity with the local and national lesbian and gay communities. Applicants should have a commitment to gay liberation, feminism and social change. \$145/week, health benefits, three weeks paid vacation. Please contact Cindy Patton at *GCN*, 167 Tremont St., Boston, MA 02111, (617) 426-4469.

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AIDS Resource List

AIDS Action Committee — 16 Haviland Street, Boston, MA 02115, 267-7573

Education and support group for people with AIDS, their families, lovers, friends and health care providers. Provides speakers, conducts forums, rap groups, hospice-trained volunteers, hotline information and referrals. Associated with the Fenway Community Health Center.

AIDS Action Line — 536-7733

AIDS Action Committee service, information, referrals and befriending about AIDS. Trained volunteers.

AIDS Benefit Review Committee

(267-7573) or (725-4849)

Joint subcommittee of Mayor's Committee on AIDS and AIDS Action Committee to coordinate AIDS fundraisers, monitor process and review results. All groups of individuals planning AIDS fundraisers are encouraged to coordinate their efforts with the subcommittee.

AIDS Hotline — (424-5916)

The Community Infectious Disease Epidemiology Program of the City of Boston. Staff of public health nurses answer questions about AIDS, make referrals. Col-

lects city-wide data from hospitals on AIDS cases, forwards data to Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta, officially determines number of cases probable and under investigation.

Fenway Community Health Center

16 Haviland Street, Boston, MA 02115

(267-7573)

Hotline information, medical work-ups,

diagnosis, referrals, counseling. A gay sensitive health care facility. Participates in research efforts.

Gay and Lesbian Counseling Services

80 Boylston Street, Boston, MA 02116

(542-5118)

One-on-one counseling for AIDS anxiety.

Gay and Lesbian Hotline — 6:00 pm to mid-

night, M-F (426-9371)

Provides information on AIDS, makes refer-

als. Associated with Gay and Lesbian

Counseling Services.

Haitian Committee on AIDS in Mass-

achusetts — 117 Harvard Street, Dorchester,

MA 02124 (436-2808)

Provides information, referrals, support and

emergency assistance to Haitians with AIDS

and their families.

Mayor's Committee on AIDS — Room 608,

Boston City Hall, Boston, MA 02201

(725-4849)

Coordinates efforts of federal, state, and city

health agencies, produces educational

material, collects data on cases, reviews

policy. Umbrella organization. Media outlet.

Conducts forums and provides speakers,

distributes AIDS brochures, referrals.

National Gay Task Force Hotline

(1-800-221-7044)

Toll free national hotline run by NGTF to

provide information and referrals.

Omega Hospice and Bereavement Program

270 Washington Street, Somerville, MA

02143 (776-6369)

Ongoing free support group for gay men and

lesbians dealing with life-threatening illness.

Springfield Downtown Ministry /Council of

Churches — 293 Bridge Street Room 205,

Springfield, MA 01103-1402 (737-4125)

Counseling and referrals.

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Helpless Rage

By John Kyper

November 28 was not the first time that I had demonstrated in front of the State House in Boston, nor will it likely be the last. But when I turned up to join fifteen other people, in the middle of a sleet storm, to protest the upcoming legal murder of Robert Sullivan by the State of Florida, it was certainly my most determined picket ever in front of that venerable building.

Maybe the experience of having been mugged the night before added to my anger; maybe the recent suicide of a lover had led me to treasure more dearly the fleeting preciousness of life — I don't know. In any case, I knew I had to be there.

I was seething with helpless rage at the squalid obscenity of a state's highest officials clawing their way to political advancement by executing as many human beings as they possibly can. To describe as "bloodthirsty" the despicable drive of Governor Robert Graham and Attorney General Jim Smith is utter understatement. "Bloodlust" is more to the point.

And I was mourning the impending loss of a friend with whom I had corresponded for five and a half years.

In an interview shortly after his June, 1979, brush with the electric chair, a writer for the Boston *Globe* mentioned that he maintained regular correspondence with over one hundred people. I found him a warm, supportive person. Writing letters was Bob Sullivan's principal contact with the outside world during his ten-year exile on death row. By mail he completed enough courses to qualify for a degree in food management at the University of Miami — but he was unable to graduate because he could not attend school in person for the requisite one semester minimum. He also wrote a book, confiscated and destroyed along with his legal and personal papers during a 1980 prison shakedown.

By the end "he had reached a new growth within, an apex in his life," declared Father Robert Boyle at his memorial mass. Using his last statement, delivered while strapped to the chair, to appeal for an end to "this monster called capital punishment," his death was possibly the most impressive such Exit since Bartolomeo Vanzetti addressed his executioners at the old Charlestown State Prison half a century ago. Conceded one witness: "If a man can die with dignity under these circumstances, then he died with dignity."

The story of Bob Sullivan is a long and complicated saga meriting a thorough investigative book — not to mention grist for a novel and at least one good ballad — delving into related matters, like the mysterious death of GCN's own David Brill. It is the story, too, of how one man arose from a hopeless situation to convince many people, including some of the most powerful religious leaders of our time, that there existed sufficient doubt to question the cruel "justice" meted out by the State. The first couple of years after his arrest and conviction, however, were wasted. He was paralyzed with shock over his situation, and apathy that he could do nothing about it, according to his boyhood friend Ralph Jacobs. Only later did he come to the realization that if he did not help himself, certainly no one else could. He then educated himself to become knowledgeable in the law, aiding his fellow inmates.

Unfortunately, his delay in fighting for his life seriously prejudiced his case. With contemptible logic in denying a stay on the night before he died, U.S. Supreme Court Chief Justice Warren Earl Burger wrote "that this case has been in the courts for 10 years and is here for the fourth time [after having refused to review it on each occasion]. . . alone demonstrates the specious argument of a 'rush to judgment.' The arguments so often advanced by the dissenters that capital punishment is cruel and unusual," he continued with fatuous hypocrisy, "is dwarfed by the cruelty of 10 years on death row inflicted upon this guilty defendant by lawyers seeking to turn the administration of justice into [a] sporting contest. . . ."

In other words, the courts would rather bury their mistakes after such an embarrassing length of time. But it wasn't all that long ago that Freddie Pitts and Wilbur Lee had to spend 13 years on Florida's death row before being cleared of a murder they had not committed.

The legal odds against Sullivan were immense: According to the rules of our system, evidence that may prove innocence is inadmissible when going to a higher court to seek a new trial. Appeal can only be made by alleging constitutional violations during the arrest or trial, and courts are less likely to recognize such claims with the passage of time. It was hard for even the best of lawyers to press a claim of insufficient counsel when the public defender whom Sullivan charged had failed to contact five potential alibi witnesses emerged as the state's star witness against him during appeals. It was even more infuriating, after several of these witnesses had finally been located years later, to watch the courts ignore their testimony that they had never been contacted — contrary to the public defender's allegations.

No court, moreover, saw fit to adjudicate the constitutional argument that the vast majority of the residents of the death rows of this nation, black or white, have been sentenced to death for killing a white person. Such an objection was considered "frivolous." Also ignored were affidavits from four convicts who testified that Sullivan's codefendant had boasted to them of setting him up and turning state's evidence, while the real killer went free. If such evidence does not raise enough doubt of guilt to merit a new trial, I don't know what does. But then, the courts are accomplished masters at hiding behind pretentious abstractions.

The simple truth is that the stakes in this case were too high for even the Pope's plea to overcome; too many people needed an execution to save face: The officer who illegally cajoled a confession from the drunken Sullivan after his arrest had become head of the Homicide Division of the Dade County Public Safety Department. The prosecutor who made repeated homophobic comparisons to Leopold and Loeb, two supposed lovers who achieved notoriety in the 1920's for attempting to commit a "perfect murder," is now a judge. In turn, the judge who presided over his case, now Chief Trial Judge of Dade County, used his influence with the Governor's office to sabotage consideration of clemency and has recently been mentioned as a possible appointee to the state Supreme Court.

Sullivan's codefendant, paroled two years ago to Massachusetts, refused to recant his testimony for fear of antagonizing Florida authorities into yanking him back to prison. As he admitted in a slip while under cross examination during the trial, "My sentence will depend on my testimony." And the potential alibi witness who refused to talk to investigators when located, because his family did not know about his homosexuality, is the object lesson, if we ever needed one, that closets can kill.

In the end, the decision rested in the Governor's hands. Many of my friends told me they had never thought Graham would let him die, with all the doubts surrounding the case. Unfortunately, I knew he would, after signing 66 death warrants — that number may already be dated — since assuming office. I remember his execution of John Spinkelink in May, 1979, for what was at worst a second-degree murder not meriting the death penalty. As Bob wrote me after living through his first death warrant ordeal the following month, "The state went all out to B-B-Q me." In both of these cases, those who died were not the most indubitably heinous of murderers, but people whose appeals had run out.

John Spinkelink died three days after a San Francisco jury, moved by pity and a slick defense, found assassin Dan White guilty of a reduced charge for the cold-blooded murder of George Moscone and Harvey Milk. Bob Sullivan died a little over a month before White is due to be released from prison. When I saw the headline of the Boston *Herald* screaming, "I Watched Killer Die," I was so furious I wanted to kick over the newspaper box.

There are a lot of people connected with this case whom I hope can still live with themselves. As for Governor Graham, he has demonstrated that evidently he can. May God have mercy upon his wretched soul. He will need it.

On Growing Pains

By Eric E. Rofes, Chairperson Boston Lesbian & Gay Political Alliance

GCN's "Speaking Out" column offers gay men and lesbians a chance to speak their mind and offer critical perspectives on the community that is much needed if we are to remain a community that respects disagreement, debate and controversy. This same openness, however, allows individuals to make statements that are read by many people that may misrepresent specific events and actions. William J. Hutchinson's recent piece, "Whither BL/GPA?" contains allegations that lack factual basis, omits significant information, and includes outright lies. While I agree that Mr. Hutchinson is entitled to his "righteous anger," I believe that the best interests of neither the lesbian and gay community nor the Alliance are well-served by his distortion of the facts surrounding the Alliance "leadership" (his word, not mine), and the recent elections.

I. Hutchinson maintains that the Alliance had "an initial hidden agenda which included the endorsement of a non-gay candidate to defeat Scondras," and that this hidden agenda was "concocted over brunch in the South End, Bay Village, the Back Bay." He has made allegations before in GCN, yet has never provided any evidence to substantiate his claims. These paranoid allegations are without factual basis and, in fact, simply avoid facing the truth of the matter. The Alliance — unlike other groups in the gay community and the political community at-large — does not have a "leadership" that controls the organization's endorsements, engages in "back-room political maneuvering," and robs a broad membership of the right to make endorsements. The membership — over 350 strong — votes to endorse or not endorse specific candidates, and we encourage each of our members — including our Steering Committee — to actively work as advocates for the candidates of their choice.

Hutchinson avoids facing the fact that — regardless of how elected Alliance officials feel about candidates — a fully democratic process, controlled by a broad membership, brings about the endorsements. Because that democratic process did not initially support one of Hutchinson's choices of candidates, he points the finger at the "leadership" and implies that things were underhandedly rigged from the start. I find this allegation personally insulting and fully without substantiation except in Hutchinson's overwhelming need to blame an organization's reluctance to endorse his candidate on a contrived conspiracy of individuals.

As much as I might disagree with the membership's vote for specific endorsements, I respect the reasoning and debate that each individual Alliance member brings to their vote and I applaud the open, democratic process that our group maintains. Hutchinson reads the skilled organizing work of individual Alliance Steering Committee members and officers as the "hidden agenda" of an organization, and attempts to deny Alliance officers and Steering Committee members the right to support and work for candidates that is a basic right of every Alliance member. Because he was outorganized, Hutchinson cries foul. Sorry, but I simply cannot accept his view that Alliance members are mindless lackeys lead by the nose by the "leadership."

2. Hutchinson claims that Scondras was "so vehemently opposed by three-fourths of the BLGPA officers and Steering Committee, and so strongly supported by over two-thirds of its membership." I challenge Hutchinson to back up this statement with facts and name the 14 or 15 BLGPA Steering Committee members who "vehemently opposed" David's campaign. On the Steering Committee are people who strongly supported the campaign, as well as those who quietly supported, remained neutral, opposed, and vehemently opposed. Exaggerations are very useful when a writer lacks the facts to build a convincing argument, but they should never be permitted to go unchallenged.

3. Hutchinson maintains that "no effective effort to register voters in District 2 (was made) until an August general meeting the the BLGPA membership forced a reluctant and seemingly uninterested Chairman (sic) to add voter registration (to the bottom!) of his BLGPA agenda." As the elected chairperson of the Alliance, I will not tolerate blatant distortions of my work and my priorities for the Alliance. In April, May and June, I spearheaded efforts to attempt to launch a Voter Registration Subcommittee of the Alliance. I announced this at Steering Committee meetings and Candidates Nights in April, May and June. I placed a special notice about this in the May *Alliance News*, urging folks to join our efforts to begin voter registration teams. There was response from only three persons, who managed a significant voter registration drive during the spring and summer months. When the item was raised at the August meeting, Hutchinson is correct in stating I was "reluctant" to state that voter registration was the top priority of the Alliance. Only two people present at the meeting said that they had any energy to give to this drive. Hutchinson doesn't seem to understand that the priorities of the Alliance are controlled by *both* the vision of the officers and Steering Committee and the interest and energy of the membership.

In a short-sighted manner, Hutchinson refuses to give more than token acknowledgment to the fact that the Alliance is a one-year old membership organization with neither the paid staff nor the legion of workers to achieve all the things we want. We have worked to make reasonable goals for the group throughout the year and have done an excellent job of meeting most of our goals. We did what we could, with the energy we had, to organize voter registration. I will accept criticism of the group, but will not apologize for our membership's decisions about where they put their personal energy. The type of voter registration drive that Hutchinson claims he yearns for, didn't happen because of the *membership*, not the Steering Committee or officers.

I find the general thrust of Hutchinson's theory of an Old Guard (who he claims opposed Scondras) and his up-and-coming "Young Greeks," to be ignorant of the history of Boston's lesbian and gay community. Many long-term activists supported David from the start and many of those folks newly involved in gay politics did not support him. The issues surrounding this race are far more complex than Hutchinson elaborates, and involve issues of class and political outlook, rather than simply Hutchinson's vision of a turf-greedy "Establishment." Many of the people he simplistically accuses of looking towards "white heterosexual liberals" for their empowerment, were the major supporters of Elaine Noble and Jack Rubin during their races against "white heterosexual liberals" in the recent past. How does this figure in Hutchinson's ahistorical analysis?

I also want to take issue with Hutchinson's use of the term "Indian" to describe the membership of an organization with an active leadership. His sentence reads: "Put another way, BLGPA's upper echelons were top-heavy with too many chiefs too addicted to back-room political maneuverings to offer true leadership to an initially enthusiastic 'Indian' membership." The use of "Indian" in this context is charged with racist assumptions regarding passivity/blind obedience/simplemindedness that we all imbibed from John Wayne movies and which bear no true relationship to Native American peoples.

Much of the criticism expressed over the past six months of the Alliance endorsements has been well articulated and constructively offered. It is important to get away from our old concepts of holding leadership solely responsible for a group's endorsements and priorities. The Alliance is a membership organization which strives to actively involve all members. It has a Steering Committee with the same rights as Alliance members and with the further responsibility of facilitating the work of the Alliance. It is easier to point a finger at 19 people and imagine secret meetings and decoder rings, than to look at the entire Alliance membership and the broader community, and face the fact that we don't all think alike and share the same vision of political and social change. It is unfortunate that an open process brings with it the pitfall of facing the fact that our community may not yet be as "progressive" or as one-minded as some would like.

There is a lot of work ahead of us in 1984, as a community and as an Alliance. I encourage individuals to express their anger in constructive, honest ways which includes a respect for individual gay men and lesbians choosing different candidates to support. The Alliance has never been — and will never be — the machine of any candidate or any party. We will endorse some candidates that you like and also fail to endorse other candidates that you like. But we will continue to strive for a process that is open, inclusive, and democratic and destroy the image of gay political groups as secret, manipulative societies. The key to our success will be communication, and we will never let communication be marred by deliberate distortion of the facts.

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Bust

Continued from page 1

were dragging the limp protesters to waiting police wagons. I was pushed from one cop to the next, usually with an exhortation along the lines of "Get out of the street, you fucking asshole!" I got a good knock in the face and in the chest before being grabbed by the arm. "I told you once to get the fuck out of here," growled the cop who had hit me in the face. "Now you're going in with the rest of them!" My protestations and press credentials were for naught; I was lifted and dumped into the wagon on top of the other bodies, the door was slammed, and we were on our way. I was pretty shaken but relieved, as my eyes adjusted slowly to the darkness, to find a few friends — including a GCN volunteer and a member of the board of directors — along for the ride.

After arriving at the Area A police station, I renewed my protests that as a working reporter with visible police credentials, I should not have been arrested. The desk sergeant insisted I be booked, however, and I was put into the holding tank, a fifteen-by-fifteen dark and filthy cell, with 49 other people.

What else could I do? I took out my notebook and began interviewing people. A clear majority of my cellmates were women; many of the women were lesbians, and many of them were lesbians whose work has often graced these very pages. Why were they here?

"Today is the second anniversary of the Greenham Common peace encampment and the fourth anniversary of the NATO decision to deploy the missiles in Europe," said a woman from the Black Sweater Affinity Group who identified herself, as did the other members of her affinity group, as 'Karen Silkwood,' the nuclear power plant worker who was exposed to plutonium and died in a suspicious auto accident in 1974 while on her way to meet with a reporter for the New York Times. "We went to the hotel," 'Silkwood' continued, "and asked the hotel not to sponsor the conference, because we were opposed to the idea of bigger and better missiles." The hotel management refused to cancel the conference arrangements, and a spokesperson later told the Boston *Globe* the hotel would take no position on the purpose of the conference.

After booking and a half-hearted reading of my rights, the police put me and two other men in a four-by-eight cell with black walls, a metal bench, and a toilet that hadn't been flushed in several years. It was when I finally realized that police were separating the



Ellen Shub

An unintended double exposure by photographer Ellen Shub captured a cop dragging 'Karen Silkwood' to a police wagon while a superimposed mounted police officer charges other demonstrators.

men from the women that I felt a vague uneasiness, and some time passed before I realized that what made me uncomfortable was not simply being separated from my friends; what felt strange, in an undefined way that would later become more clear, was being separated from *queers*. I had recognized only one other gay man among those arrested. Where was the faggot affinity group in this demonstration, anyhow?

The cellblock where the men were held was close enough to the holding tank, where the women were all kept together, for us to hear much of what happened there. As I sat in the cell for the next five hours, I listened to the distant sounds of women singing, laughing and having animated political discussions, and I wondered why women had so clearly outnumbered men at the demonstration and in the civil disobedience action. Why, moreover, with so many lesbians among the women, were most of the men straight? Why did more lesbians than gay men seem to regard anti-militarist politics as a part of gay and feminist politics? And where were all the political faggots in Boston?

Two days later, I talked with David Perrigo, the gay man I knew who had been arrested, about the

several hours the men spent separated from the women. David noted, as had I, the change that came over the men after we were separated.

"When the men were separated out from the women, there was an enormously different dynamic that happened than when we were together in the holding tank," he remarked. "There was a lot of song, a general sort of conscientiousness, a way that women were expressing affection for one another."

"As soon as we got in segregated cells, it became devoid of that consciousness and sensibility," Perrigo added. "It was almost a kind of locker room humor."

The separation of the men into a number of smaller cells certainly didn't help preserve the collective sense. The placement of the cells was such that we could all easily hear one another, but a wire mesh over the bars prevented us from seeing the faces even of those in the cells directly across from our own. Most of the men were fairly quiet, perhaps silenced by the police effort to isolate us. A few, however, passed the time by pounding on the bars and the walls, and goading the cops who

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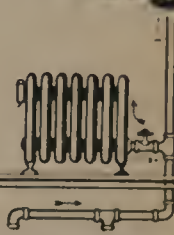
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A Flawed but Powerful Anti-Nuke Film

Silkwood. Directed by Mike Nichols. With Meryl Streep, Kurt Russell, Cher.

By Amy Hoffman

Nuclear technology — war, meltdown, insidious poisons — has moved out of our nightmares to become personified in our culture. *Silkwood* is a drama about one woman's changing relationship, not to a lover — the love story in this movie is a subplot — but to the Kerr McGee nuclear

an eerie new kind of assembly line. With their hands inside glove boxes, Karen and her co-workers face each other around a large glass enclosure containing the plutonium which they are assembling into fuel rods for nuclear reactors. The atmosphere is jocular, pressured and bored; they all smirk when a supervisor describes them as "experts" to a tour of new managers. The audience may be nervously aware that these gum-chewing people are

co-workers all discourage and eventually reject her, the company poisons her and contaminates her home, but Karen follows her obsession to her death.

Silkwood explores the deadly dilemma of people who work in the nuclear industry with a depth and complexity surprising for a mass-market American movie. Although the workers all come to realize more or less consciously that what they are doing threatens not only their own health and well-being and that of their children, but *everyone's*, no one (except Drew, who has saved enough to start his own garage) quits; they need the money. Even

Thelma, whose daughter is dying of cancer and who is convinced, when she gets "cooked," that she too will die of it, keeps her job. The price of day-to-day survival is her life. (She does join the union.)

The good guys and the bad guys are a little less clearly defined in *Silkwood* than they were in Hollywood's other foray into this area, *The China Syndrome*. Whereas in that movie management is shown as faceless high-level executives in indistinguishable gray suits, in *Silkwood* we meet supervisors who, although they are company men (they are all men, too), seem to have come up from the same place, the white

working class, as the people under them. (As depicted in this movie, there are virtually no black people in Crescent, Oklahoma). And they all, workers and management, respond to Karen similarly: she enrages them because if she persists in rocking the boat, she and everyone else will be out of a job. This point is even hammered into the audience; at the movie's end, we are informed that Kerr McGee has closed the plant.

Meryl Streep plays Karen as hyperactive, obnoxious, sexually aggressive and driven. The other stand-out in the film is Cher, who plays Dolly Pelliker, Karen's

Continued on page 17

Silkwood explores the deadly dilemma of people who work in the nuclear industry with a depth and complexity surprising for a mass-market American movie.

plant in Crescent, Oklahoma. The film explores the life and death of Karen Silkwood, a plutonium worker and union activist who died in a car crash in 1974 while on her way to talk with a reporter from the New York Times about hazards and coverups she had discovered at her job. Until its last 15 minutes, when Hollywood gets the best of it, *Silkwood* is a realistic and terrifying movie, a powerful argument against nuclear power.

The film opens as workers arrive at the plant. Karen (Meryl Streep), her boyfriend Drew (Kurt Russell) and her roommate Dolly (Cher) pull up in Karen's Honda and are waved through the gates by a guard. They all rush to the locker rooms, where they must change into protective white coveralls, booties, gloves and caps before taking up their stations at

handling a deadly carcinogen, but Karen herself doesn't face this fact until about a third of the way into the movie, and in the beginning the Kerr McGee workers respond to the safety precautions they are forced to observe as to yet another management hassle. During a routine emergency drill, Karen wishes for a real accident so she can get the weekend off to visit her kids.

When Karen's friend Thelma (Sudie Bond) is contaminated Karen starts realizing the dangers of her job. Racist, ignorant, righteous and tacky, Thelma is hardly the sort of person activists generally think of as precipitating anyone's politicization. However, Thelma's terror moves Karen until all of her incredible energy is directed into unionizing and exposing the dangers at Kerr McGee. Drew, Dolly and Karen's

Meryl Ellen Mark



Meryl Streep (left) as Karen and Cher as Dolly in *Silkwood*.

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“What’s Freedom without food in your stomach?” —A Trip to Haiti



Andrea Loewenstein

By Andrea Loewenstein

I wrote this piece during a trip to Haiti in the summer of 1982. I had come into contact with many Haitian immigrants through my teaching at the Jefferson Park Writing Center in North Cambridge, where I still work, and wanted to learn more about their country and culture. My students generously provided me with introductions to their families, making it possible for me to get a closer look than the ordinary tourist might.

August 16, Kennedy Airport

In the check-in line for Port-au-Prince, the Haitians look grim, their mouths set at the idea of going back, as they pack and repack already bulging suitcases, trying to take home as much as they possibly can. The customs official, a black woman, speaks in that exaggeratedly loud English people so often use when they're speaking to foreigners, and finally loses her temper. "Only three suitcases per family, that's the rule. I don't care what you do with it, leave it in the street for all I care. Next!"

Here, they're the foreigners. I wonder how I will be treated in Haiti. Will there be any room, even for two weeks, for a white, single, 32-year-old lesbian in that country of necessity and poverty? Will the cassettes from the illiterate and the letters of introduction from the literate of my Haitian students be enough to earn me some kind of welcome, to make me any different from an ordinary tourist?

August 16, Hotel Mt. Jolie, Petionville, Haiti

Flying down over Haiti, I notice few flat places in this green, mountainous country, and almost no roads. The patchy green is intersected ever so often by winding, muddy rivers and as the plane gets closer I see the roofs of millions of tin shacks shining like tiny mirrors in the intense sun.

I am met at the airport by Lawrence, a too-thin man with a disappointed, caved-in face, and Marie Claire, a tall handsome woman who reminds me right away of her brother Joseph, who is my student. Before I find them, at least ten men and little boys converge on me, one of the few whites on the flight.

"Mee-sis, Mee-stir, you need taxi? You need good guide? What hotel, Mee-stir?" I can't tell if "Mister" is a generic name for white tourists or if, with my cotton pants and my short hair, my gender is unclear to them.

We drive through the central city of Port-au-Prince, to my eyes a confusing mass of women selling vegetables and goods which they carry on their heads; beggars; dust; heat; and the brightly painted *tap-taps* (communal taxis), which are, after walking, the ordinary person's transportation. We drive down a long bumpy road to Carfour, just outside the city limits, where the family lives on a tiny dirt road lined on either side with one-and two-room green or pink plaster houses.

Lawrence's house has two rooms, with every inch, including the pink and green walls, scrubbed and immaculate. Amelie, the sister who is my student in Cambridge, is enthroned in a yellowing photo on the wall, sandwiched between two pictures of a white Jesus. A vase of old plastic flowers adorns the steel table. Lawrence proudly shows me a TV set, carefully wrapped in cloth, a large tape deck and a digital watch. "These are the things I buy when I had work," he explains in his halting French.

I am introduced to the six other members of the family, but not to a beautiful young woman with a torn dress nursing a little girl outside on the steps, whom I had seen when I came in. I sit by the slight breeze in the doorway, and one by one the neighbor children come by, naked or dressed in holey t-shirts, to giggle and whisper "*blanc!*" (At first I thought this word applied only to my color, but later I heard it used for the mulatto to elite as well as for the few upper-class black families. Racial lines are not strict in this country where almost no one is all-the-way white but class lines are firm, so hat this word, which must have started off referring to color, now has more to do with wealth.)

Ceremoniously, the tape deck is now placed on the table and Amelie's cassette is played. I recognize the frantic, irritable tone she uses when her responsibilities feel overwhelming. At 33, she supports a family in Cambridge consisting of three children, her husband, who has not adjusted to life in the U.S., and her newly arrived sister, brother-in-law and cousin, as well as sending the money which supports their family here — all this on her wages as an aide in a state school for the retarded. On the tape, her Creole is speedy with urgency but I am able to catch some of it.

"Take good care of Andrea," I hear her say. "She's our friend, she's very good! She's not fancy, she can eat our food. Go right out after you hear this, Lawrence, go the market, buy some meat. Make her a soup. She will eat it, she's not afraid." She goes on to explain the difficulty she's having getting visas for Lawrence and for Robert, the 14-year-old who is her other brother and is, amazingly, the last child of the toothless tiny woman who buzzes around us. (I find out later that she is only in her mid-fifties.) "Robert must stay in school," I hear Amelie say passionately several times. "It is the most important, do you hear me, Lawrence, even if you don't have money for food, you must send him to school. That way he'll be *someone*. No matter what, keep him in school!"

On my way back from a trip to the communal outhouse, I sit down on the porch with the young woman, who explains that her name is Ruth, that her child is Lawrence's but that they are not married and she is not accepted by the family. That's why, she tells me, they didn't introduce me to her and didn't want her to come in to listen to the tape. She speaks good French and tells me she studied with the sisters, who brought her up, as she has no parents.

"I wouldn't stay here," she adds bitterly, "if I had any place to go. I wanted to stay with the sisters, to sew for them, but I had *her*." And she bounces the baby on her lap. Ruth is the first to ask me the series of questions that will become so familiar.

"Are you married? Do you have children?" When I say no, she asks me why not and then adds, "There are plenty of men here, you can find one."

"No," I answer, "I don't want to get married."

Ruth shakes her head in disbelief. "*Vous preferez rester vierge?* (You prefer to remain a virgin?)" I want to tell her no, that's not it exactly, but it's too complicated to explain right now. "But," she gestures to the little girl, now on my lap, "you like children, no?"

"Yes," I answer, "I like children but I don't like men so much."

Ruth shrugs as if this goes without saying. "You're right, and that's why you must get married," she explains.

Although I am invited, I decide not to stay the night and Lawrence takes me to the hotel. Because the car has long gone, we ride a *tap-tap*, for one *gourde* (20 cents), up into the mountains, where it is cooler and where, as we climb higher, I see a few substantial houses and even hotels. On the way, Lawrence grows voluble and asks me if I am married. When I say no, he assures me that he isn't either, Amelie is not his wife. He wants to go to the U.S. though, *en pile* (so much), but he will not take her. She is too *mal elevee* (badly brought up), she doesn't even respect his mother. So that even if I couldn't find a husband *de l'autre cote* (on the other side) I won't have any trouble here. He himself is even willing. . . . I am not *that* old. I decline, politely, and he looks crestfallen. Life is no good here, he tells me, there is no work, nothing to do, he is wasting his whole life.

In the *tap-tap* he had expanded, but as soon as we reach the hotel he shrinks behind with my suitcase, painfully out of place next to the hotel employees, glossy-



Andrea Loewenstein

skinned and proud in their stylish uniforms. I am given a room the size of Lawrence's house for \$15.00 a night, as much as I imagine he must spend for his family in two weeks.

August 17, La Maison Roland

Last night I went to see the family of a Haitian woman I teach with. I have no trouble finding the house; everyone has heard of it. "*La Maison Roland*," they intone respectfully, and I realize that I've tumbled high in the feudal system this time.

The Rolands, both U.S.-educated lawyers with faculty positions in the national law school, are olive skinned, with the coloring of some Italians or Sephardic Jews. Their nine children, half of whom are studying or living in the U.S., range from about my coloring (fair skin and curly hair) to that of my colleague, who with her golden brown skin and tight afro is labeled black without question in the U.S. Almost immediately, the R's invite me to stay. They have an extra room with its own entrance in the basement; with so many children gone there is room to spare. Although I have my doubts, I accept the generous invitation, figuring that this is probably the only home among my contacts where my presence won't deprive four or five people of their bed, and the only one where I'll be free to come and go as I please. The house itself isn't opulent by U.S. standards, but the five or six servants make me feel strange.

I move in the next morning and that night M. Roland, trying to be hospitable, drives me to his friend's plush house higher up in the mountain. (He knows I am a teacher and the wife of the family we're visiting — one of the oldest in Haiti, my host assures me — is the writer of the first primary textbooks for children in Creole.) At the house, we drink pear liqueur out of a bottle with a whole pear in it. There is much discussion of how the pear got in (did it grow there?) and about how the Cubans are invading Miami. The host complains that even his favorite Chinese restaurant was staffed by Cubans on their recent trip. The son of the house, a scientist, has a new computer, which he shows to the men while the teacher shows me the book and I make myself unpopular by asking why the children in the illustrations look white. "It's a drawing!" M. Roland, who has come back from the computer, bellows angrily, but the teacher admits that the painter, "*une canadienne*," hadn't known how to draw black children and so she aimed toward "the universal." I reflect on the irony of a white "universal" in a country where literally no one is white, but keep my mouth shut.

On the way back, M. Roland, suspecting me of wild-eyed liberalism, gives me his version of Haitian life, in the heavily accented English he prefers to use with me rather than French. "The government here, he does everything for the poor," he explains. "This whole country, it's run for the poor." Outsiders always misunderstand, he complains, and fall for the stories of the aggressive beggars, who only pretend to be hungry.

"How they are hungry, with coconuts and bananas fall from the trees on their head? But a fool they do know when they see it." He goes on to tell me about his servants. He's built a house for them in back of the big house and each one gets \$35 a month, which may not seem like much to me, but the monthly average is \$15. "Give them any more, we could not keep them, they will leave."

August 18, Kenscoff

Above Petionville, on the same mountain road, is Kenscoff, a mountain village with a thriving market twice a week, where the family of my student Joseph lives. In the market I am overwhelmed by requests for "*un 'ti cadeau*" or "*ban un gourd*" ("a little present, Mister, give me a gourd") and start back down the road, deciding to look up Joseph's family another day. After a while I hear whistling behind me, and see a woman walking tranquilly a few steps back balancing an enormous basket of flat bread on her head. Ten paces behind her walks a little girl with a childish, bent body and an old face. The woman introduces herself as Nicole. She too had been to school "*chez les soeurs*" (with the sisters) for a few years and speaks some French. She tells me she is 35 and has seven children. After asking me the usual marital questions, she asks if I am Catholic or Protestant. When I answer that I am neither but *Juive* instead, she asks me whether I know "*le bon Papa Dieu* (the good Papa God)."

"I know him well," she continues. Suddenly she stops, gesturing off the road into the heart of the mountain, and says, "That's where I live." I ask her if I can come and she nods. "*Venez-y, alors* (Come, then)." We walk, the girl following always a bit behind, for about 40 minutes up and down a goat path until we come to the village of Guibert, a few houses with tin roofs hanging on the edge of the mountain. Nicole's children are beautiful but terribly thin. They take me to see the animals (pigs, chickens and goats) and their father, a young-looking man who is planting an almost vertical slope with dried peas. Nicole tells me, very proudly, that

all the school-age children are in school at the Baptist mission about five miles down the mountain. She and her husband do all the work, with only the little servant girl I saw, "Ti Seur, to help. I ask about "Ti Seur (Little Sister) and Nicole tells me that she took her from a very poor woman with too many children when she was six. Now she is 14. "Does she have a real name?" I ask, but Nicole only shrugs and calls her daughter, Jacqui, to come and talk with me while she cooks. Although she is the second daughter, not the oldest, Jacqui is clearly the leader in the family. At 16 she is bursting out of her too-small dress and out of her life in this little village. She takes me to a nearby waterfall, calling out to the women and children who are bathing themselves in the streams, "*Moin blanc, moi!* (This is *my* blanc!)" At the waterfall she quickly strips and washes, then stands and talks to me unselfconsciously naked, as, feeling very pale and clothed, I swim in my black bathing suit.

"Is it really cold *de l'autre cote*? Is everyone white, like you? Do they shoot people when they walk down the streets?" Once she had a relative who went to Chicago, she tells me, but she herself never goes anywhere. Some girls from her school went to Cap-Haitien with *les soeurs* but her father had no money for her to go. She asks for my pen, an American notebook, my earrings, anything from "over there." "Some day," she tells me, "a man from New York will come here. He will see me and take me back with him. We'll have a toilet that flushes," she says dreamily, "water from faucets, a stove you switch on. I'll ride everywhere in a car, but when I walk I'll have a new pair of tennis." I look up and see that she is dreamily fingering her nipples, turning herself on with this heavenly vision.

Back at the house, crouching over the charcoal burner in one room, Nicole has prepared rice and beans and goat meat for me. She sends one of the little boys into the field with a dish for her husband, then serves me, then the children. "Ti Soeur is given what is left over, stuck to the pan. When I leave, I give Nicole some money for the food and then give "Ti Soeur some. She takes it, staring at me in amazement.

In the afternoon I walk up to Kenscoff again to look up the family of my student Joseph. (It was his sister, Marie-Claire, who met me at the airport with Lawrence.) Everyone has been expecting me and they greet me warmly. "You're Joseph's teacher, we have been waiting for you!" I am offered food and drink and then the two young men take me for a walk "to see the land."

"These are our bananas," Edwin tells me. "This is the watercrack, see how it needs the water. And this is the corn." There is a slowness and a pride to it, the way he fingers each plant as he tells me the name, the way he lets the earth trickle through his fingers. He speaks no French, but his Creole is easy to understand. The men and women in this family are tall and well-built. Their fields provide enough for them to eat, and their bodies show it. They are dark black in color and full of pride.

I realize that walking with the two young men in the field, far from anyone, I felt none of the tension I might feel in a similar situation, with men I had never met before, at home. But then I haven't felt it anywhere — that barely restrained violence one constantly picks up from strange men in the street in America. And not only don't I feel it in relation to myself, I don't see it in the way the people treat one another. I have never seen children fighting here and I have not witnessed one occasion of violence between adults.

Take today, in the *tap-tap* going up the mountain. As usual, people squeezed in as into a trick VW in the circus. Children get put on the adults', any adults' laps. I sat between two men, with barely enough room to breathe, and yet I felt totally safe from unwanted touch or prodding. In such close quarters, with so little to spare, there is a respect for each human other that is totally different from what I'm used to. Yesterday on the way up, a man started to yell at the driver because he had a new suit on and a woman with a chicken had sat so close to him that the chicken shit on his suit. The driver and the man shouted angrily at each other and I tensed, ready for violence. But soon everyone in the *tap-tap* joined in, capping remarks, joking, telling chicken and goat stories. One old woman finally told a long story complete with animal noises and even a snatch of song. When the man got out, chicken shit and all, he and the driver shook hands.

Back in the house Ruth brings up marriage, assuring me again that there *are* nice men in the village, I am not young, but still attractive. When I tell her I wish to be free, she shrugs. "What's freedom without food in your stomach?" she asks me. I tell her that I prefer the company of women and she laughs, pointing at the three or four women she lives with in the three-room house they also share with their husbands and two of their mothers. "When you marry you are full of sisters," she explains. "Only if you don't, that's when you are alone."

There remains, of course, the issue of sexual preference but it feels almost irrelevant (not to speak of much too risky) to bring it up. In this society coupling

and certainly marriage have much less to do with sex and passion than with a woman's ability to survive and provide for her children in the very barest of terms. As I think about it I realize that this isn't so different from America after all — it's just that where survival is less precarious, it is more possible to hide the truth about these institutions. Interestingly, in all the many conversations I had with Haitian women on the subject of marriage and coupling, neither love nor sex was mentioned even once.

August 21, Port-Salut

On the bus to this coastal town, I meet some young people who are going to join the other members of their youth group in Port-Salut on a kind of retreat-vacation. They take me to the young priest who is their leader, Pere Titi. Young, shorter and slighter than me, and very dark, he speaks six languages, has studied in Israel for three years, devotes his life to the poor of his parish in Port-au-Prince. We talk and he tells me that he doesn't believe in most of the tenets of the Catholic church but the church provides some protection for him in his work of organizing the poor. He invites me to visit his church when I return to Port-au-Prince.

After Titi and his group have left, I go to the beach alone and am immediately surrounded by small boys eager to help in return for a gourd or two. One of them, Manot, too small for his 15 years, is in a holey, almost transparent t-shirt, with hair turned reddish by malnutrition and big warm eyes. We talk and he tells me about school, how much he wants to stay for another year, but he wants his own canoe like some of the boys have and he won't have one if he stays in school. (There was a fancy tourist hotel on this beautiful beach, with its coral, its white sand, its palm trees and its soaring pelicans, until a cyclone devastated the village and the hotel and most of the villagers lost their means of earning a living. Now the people live on fruit and fish, which they catch from the tiny canoes, each carved out of a palm tree.

After our walk, Manot and I sit back to back and he leans against me in that gesture of physical warmth which seems so easy here. Both men and women walk hand-in-hand or arm-in-arm with same-sex friends and family, children kiss each adult as they come into the room and hugging and touching are plentiful. It is perhaps for this reason that my difference as a lesbian doesn't feel as hard as it did in a country like Israel, where touch, in a more Western manner, seemed to be reserved for sexuality.

Later that day, whether from the accumulated effect of seeing hunger, from the unaccustomed food or from the sun, I get sick. The day before, I was offered a ride back to Port-au-Prince by two mulatto men and their girlfriends. When they see me today, green under the sunburn, they are reluctant to take me in their fancy car. The women, highly manicured and somehow perfectly groomed after a day on the beach, are especially unfriendly, but I feel sick enough to want to get back to-day no matter how, and I insist. They stop at a waterfall just outside the beach to swim and I lie in the shade trying not to vomit and feeling terrible. A family from a grass shack nearby leads their donkey past me and immediately sees that I am sick. The little boy is instructed to bring me a peice of cloth, cooled by the water, and the woman goes away and returns, God knows how, with some soda "for nothing, because you are sick." They stay next to me until the couples return and I am struck again by the tremendous differences of both wealth and humanity in this country. It is a Sunday and the narrow road back to Port-au-Prince is filled with a long, uneven parade of people, walking in single file, heads laden, returning from the weekly visit to friends



Andrea Loewenstein



Andrea Loewenstein

or family in the next village or a few miles down the road. The driver of our car never swerves. Instead, he courses and sits on the horn and the people rush off the road like sheep, often barely making it in time.

August 25, Port-au-Prince

Back in Port-au-Prince, I go to see Titi, making my way through the dirt and slime of after-market time and through a huge crowd of beggars, dressed in black rags, their skins and clothing ashy from the charcoal fires they make on the street. At first they crowd around me, grabbing at my clothes, but when I mention Pere Titi one of them immediately gets up, brushes himself off and leads me to him.

He is glad to see me and tells me that during his absence from the parish one of the women beggars died. Usually in these cases the state comes and takes the body away in a bag, to incinerate, but this time, because of his teachings, the other poor decided that she deserved a real funeral. By the time he got back they had each contributed a few cents and they held the funeral the day before, with the church packed. Afterwards, they walked in procession behind the body, chanting phrases from his sermons: "We can't live like this, we can't die like this" and "We are human beings too!" Next time, he says, he will make sure there are placards ready for them to carry. He wonders aloud how long he has before, protection of the church and all notwithstanding, he will be expelled.

He tells me more and more about how things work in his country. "Every year there are thousands who are sold as cutters of sugar cane in the Dominican Republic," he says. "The government sells them as slaves, tells them they are going to America." I tell him about the little servant girl, "Ti Soeur, in Guibert and he nods. "Lots of families sell their girls when they have too many children to feed or if the father is sick or dead. They go as servants — slaves, really — at age five or six to some slightly better-off family. Their only hope is that some man will take them when they are grown, but they get old and ugly fast."

August 27, Cap-Haitien

By this trip to Cap-Haitien, I am no longer the scared white tourist who sat in Lawrence's house afraid to ask for a drink. I know how much to pay for the four-hour bus ride (two dollars) and where to find the bus. I know what time to get to the station (very early, to get a seat) and the proper place to sit to get the least squeezed and I know that the bus will leave not at any certain time but as soon as as many people who can fit into it have. On my trips to Port-Salut and Caille, I'd been anxious about when the first toilet stop would be and had asked the bus driver before we left. After we'd been on the road about an hour he'd stopped with a flourish in the middle of nowhere and announced loudly, "*Arretez, blan fait pipi!* (Stop for the *blan* to make pipi!)" Now I know that the first stop will be when someone, whoever needs to first, calls out, "*Arretez-pipi!*" Then we women will climb down and, lifting our skirts, will squat by the side of the bus, carefully out of range, but not sight, of the men.

Once we get to Cap-Haitien I am adopted by Celine, the mother of a family, who speaks some English and is eager to practice. While Eva and her uncle and cousin do some business, Celine takes me by the arm and gives me a tour through the clean streets of this peaceful city of old French houses, telling me her life history as we walk. Clearly an important and focal community member, she has to stop every few minutes to exchange messages, hugs or information with somebody.

"You see my house?" she begins. "My TV? The bathroom?" Indeed, I had been impressed by the rare shower with hot water and other comforts of the three-room house. "We start off as poor as everyone," she explains. "I leave my husband with the kids eight years ago and go to New York. I live with a cousin there for five years, work in a wig factory. I work overtime every night, then I go to the apartment, cry for my children. I make \$40 a week!" She stops here and looks at me,

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Pachyderms: A Delightful Regression

By Nancy Walker

Yesterday, (remember, this is history and yesterday is weeks ago), while I was working at my "regular" job (GCN is my "irregular" job), one of my supervisors said, "I hear music." "Oh, it's the elephants," said I, breathlessly, remembering in a flash the mental note I had filed and forgotten about the circus coming to town and marching the elephants around Pied Piper-like to attract attention. I ran to the window of the office just in time to see the pathetic little parade go by. It was composed entirely of elephants sandwiched between a few musicians front and back. But it was enough. More than enough.

I literally galloped out of the building to follow the pachyderms, but I hit the street just in time to see their grey tushes disappear around a bend in the road. Chasing after them increased my pulse rate and opened my ever-ready sweat glands but didn't bring me another glimpse of those incredible beasts. So I stopped and turned back, realizing suddenly that the day was exceptionally soft and mild, the air unusually clear and breathable. I slowed down and inhaled, recalling what the circus meant to me, not very surprised to find that I was crying.

When I was a child living in New York, my grandfather took me to

the circus every spring. Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey's Circus always came to Madison Square Garden in the spring. I thought the flowers couldn't grow without the circus.

Grandpa always did things in a

hond, and I stared in fascination at the individuals who were so different from the people I was familiar with.

It has been many years since the circus cleaned up its act in that respect, but the argument was

Odyssey of a Unicorn

grand manner, so he bought the most expensive seats, though he and my crippled grandmother lived in a single room in a seedy hotel and the purchase of the tickets was a large sacrifice for him. Of course, at the time I thought grandpa was rich because whatever was most urgent to my child's heart, he supplied in the most wonderful ways. The circus, therefore, took on the proportions of a high holy day in my personal calendar and, just as I lived from Christmas to Christmas, I lived from circus to circus with equal palpitating anticipation.

In those circus days of my early youth, Gargantua the gorilla was still alive and was on view before each performance, as were many other animals (I adored the elephants then as now). There was also a "freak show," whose horrid implications I did not compre-

made that these people couldn't make a living any other way. We don't agree, naturally, but children see things otherwise. Somehow, even at that early age, sensing a kinship with them because I too was "different," I was moved by those people. I came to

The circus took on the proportions of a high holy day in my personal calendar . . .

know them and each year looked forward to seeing the only slightly frightening giant whose rings were as large as bracelets and were for sale (of course). I saw the fat lady and the thin man and the bearded lady and the midgets, and I loved them all. However, I felt sorry that the animals were in cages or were held by leg irons to stakes. And though the unusual people were

always very kindly, they seemed terribly sad. I can still picture them as if all this were yesterday.

I can smell the smells and see the sights in crisply focused detail. The cotton candy was all pink, and not multi-hued as it is today, and everybody bought peanuts to feed the elephants, whose odors from up close were almost as big as they were. These extra attractions were called a "side show," which made sense, since they were definitely off to the side and down a huge ramp and altogether *side* as opposed to *center*, as the circus proper was to me.

I can so vividly picture walking through the corridors to our seats and seeing through the many entrances into the seating area as we passed, the ropes and trapezes

was "the greatest show on earth."

For many years as a chronological adult I avoided the circus because someone told me that the animals were mistreated. If a creature is harmed, I don't want to add financial support to the institution that is perpetrating the harm. But most of the business of human intercourse is a matter of tightly twisted strands not easily untangled. It has occurred to me that whenever human beings and other animals are yolked together, especially in a business venture, there is the likelihood of unkindness towards the animals. Unless we can completely overhaul the human race, it will always have members who lack compassion.

Yesterday when I saw the elephants on parade and all the old childhood yearnings flooded back, I missed my grandfather and wanted so much to see the elephants again that I called my sother as soon as I returned to my desk to work. I couldn't reach her. My sober second self said, "Don't be silly, you don't have to go to the circus. You can't bring Grandpa back and you'll probably be disappointed in the show. You can't go home again. Don't be stupid."

Later in the day my sother called, "just to say hello," she said. I told her that I had tried to reach her because I had had an over-

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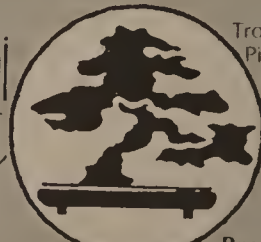
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The Nuclear Family Holiday Blues

By Nancy A. F. Langer

I had a friend once, an elderly queen, who gave me an excellent piece of advice. He was painting his toenails purple at the time. "Dearie," he sang out, "if you're serious about leading a really happy life, never, ever do anything Norman Rockwell might have painted." Generally around the end of December the truth of that sentiment eludes me and I find myself on Christmas Day with people

I do not mean to imply by all this that we queers do not love our families. It's simply that we are of the opinion that families should be heard from and not seen.

who are so tedious that a trip to the john appears an extravaganza by comparison.

Of course, you know what I'm talking about. The Holidays. That delightful time of year when generally sane gay and lesbian sophisticates troop home to Mom and Dad for seasonal eggnog and Pinter-like family encounters.

"Why do you do it?" our friends ask, as they shake their

heads. This is a dumb question. We do it because we're coddled, cajoled, bribed, guilt-tripped or forced into it. The really poignant question is, how are we able to overcome our dread of family long enough to actually purchase tickets home?

I do not mean to imply by all this that we queers do not love our families. It's simply that we are of the opinion that families should be heard from and not seen. I mean,

generally speaking, they do tend to be a teensy bit backward on gay issues. Luckily mine is not that bad — it's at least 33.3 percent better than most. I can say this because my father died when I was six, before I came out, so only my brother and mother survive.

And actually, this Christmas they were on their best behavior. Only once did my mother say, "Think how your father would

feel if he knew you liked girls."

"Mother," I told her, "the man is dead. There is no way I can make him feel worse."

"But it's wrong!" she cried. Don't straight people have the quaintest ideas? Mother really is changing, slowly but surely. I anticipate she'll be able to croak out the word "lesbian" when I wheel her into a nursing home.

With all this conflict you'd expect family life to be at least entertaining. After all, dilemmas and problems are interesting, but the nuclear family never gets rid of any old problems to make way for stylishly new ones. For example, my mother is still angry at her sister because in 1952 Aunt Ethel dyed her hair pink by mistake and my brother is still upset with my mother because she threw out his favorite pair of soccer shoes in 1971.

The sad truth is families are very much like soap operas — no matter how often you switch them on they're still dull. Still there's nothing like the holidays to give you that sense of euphoric well-being when once again you are dancing to "Billie Jean" in New York City.

The Circus

Continued from page 14

whelming impulse to go to the circus, born of seeing the elephants and stepping over their elegant turds on my way back to work. "But," I hastily added, "I got over the impulse." "On no," said she. "I'll call you later at the GCN office and we'll figure it out."

Figure it out *she* did because I was too conflicted emotionally to do it. We found ourselves at the Boston Garden in time for the performance and my sother stepped up to the window saying, "Two adults." That was a totally unverifiable statement under any circumstances, so I stuck my two cents in with, "You gotta say what size tickets." The man in the ticket booth said, "About one inch by

two and a half," after which he pulled out two of the most expensive tickets and swore they were excellent.

The seats were indeed wonderful. We were in the center of the Garden, seven rows from the track, just where Grandpa would have been if he had been with us. All my memory juices were flowing. The thrill wasn't gone.

I have been to the circus since my childhood, and even in Madison Square Garden it has always been so short of my expectations that I had pretty well decided never to go again. But the elephants so moved me yesterday that I wanted very much to go again. My sother recognized that when she spoke to me on the

phone and after the show she said, "I know when I'm dealing with a three-year old." She was exactly on target, as always.

Last night all the magic was back again, perhaps because the elephants were featured performers. I was delighted quite beyond anything I had expected, though there was just a tinge of discomfort hanging about the edges of my joy. I was still disturbed about the possibility of those wonderful animals being mistreated.

To me the circus is still "the greatest show on earth," and I can once again add it to my little list of events to anticipate with a child-like glee that makes life worth living for yet another year.

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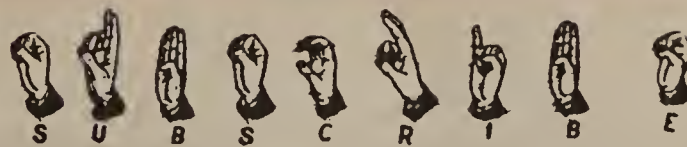
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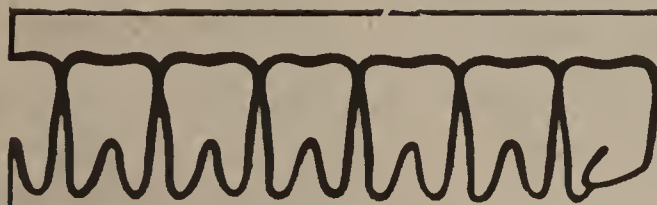
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Bust

Continued from page 6

walked by with requests for drugs and pizza. At one point, a man in a cell at the other end of the corridor interrupted the noise to suggest some more directed, constructive form of protest. He was shouted down.

During our time in the lockup, we learned that a number of additional protesters had gotten inside the hotel. Some threw blood in and around the conference room, and some had handcuffed themselves to doors in the hotel. These demonstrators — twenty-one of them, according to the police — were arrested and charged with trespassing.

At 2:30 p.m., about six and a half hours after we were first arrested, the police returned our belts and shoelaces, handcuffed us together in pairs, and loaded us in-

to wagons for the trip to the courthouse. Boston Municipal Court Judge Mario Umana, standing agitatedly behind the bench, explained to the 60-odd defendants present that they were there for purposes of arraignment only. Bail would be set and a court date would be scheduled. "But," Umana warned, "I will ask the audience respectfully to avoid any confrontation. This is not the place for it."

Boston Police Sgt. Harry Byrnes was called to the stand. "These people were ordered by...the chief of security to leave the premises," he said solemnly. "They didn't leave, and that's why we put them under arrest."

Everyone was released on personal recognizance except the seven 'Karen Silkwoods.' Judge Umana offered them a choice of three alternatives: give their real

names, pay \$50 in bail, or spend 10 days in jail until a hearing could be scheduled.

"That was the hardest decision we made all day," one of the 'Silkwoods' later told me. "One of our strongest agreements in the affinity group was that we didn't want to pay bail, because bail is so blatantly an economic discrimination — rich people get out and poor people stay. But we also didn't want to give up 'Karen Silkwood' as our names." Faced with the necessity of a split-second decision, the women decided against paying bail, but found that not all of them could afford to spend 10 days in jail. They reluctantly decided to give their real names and were released on personal recognizance.

In the two days after the demonstration, I talked with a number of people about the demonstration and the police treatment of civil disobedience people and the legal demonstrators. One of the 'Karen Silkwoods' told me she was sitting on the floor of the police station in front of a closed door. An officer came in through the door and pushed her out of the way. Then, she said, "he kicked me in the kidneys. I said, 'You don't have to do that,' and he said, 'You ruined my fucking day, you fucking douchebag.'"

'Silkwood' said some officers intentionally dragged women through puddles on the way to the arraignment hearing. One woman was loaded into the police wagon upside down and pushed under a seat. "They gave her a swift kick in the back," 'Silkwood' said. "When we asked for his badge number, he turned around and took it off. He wouldn't look at us again or let us see his face."

"I think they were unnecessarily violent for the measure of non-violence we were using," 'Silkwood' concluded. "It was such a contrast. Why did they have to use it when they had the guns and authority? How were we going to fight back?"

I asked Peter Woluschuk, spokesperson for the Boston Police Department, to respond to charges of police violence. "You're using terms gratuitously," Woluschuk said. "I don't think there was violence there. I haven't heard any complaints, I haven't seen any injury reports."

"There are problems with denying other people rights," Woluschuk added. "The police department has to decide what is the greatest good for the greatest number. The question was not whether [the demonstration] was peaceful, but whether it was illegal. I suggest that you think about that for a few minutes."

Did Woluschuk have any comment about the officers' calling demonstrators "fucking douchebags" and "fucking assholes"?

"That's speculation," he retorted. "I'm not going to comment on that...File a complaint and I'll comment on it."

Arizona

Continued from page 1

popularity by about 50,000 just because of his remark, because that's the kind of mentality that you have over there. He's been patted on the back by the newspapers."

Baxter hopes that, in spite of the public support Atkinson has received, gay people will be able to back a more enlightened candidate with a chance of defeating Atkinson in November of 1984. The district lines are being redrawn which give Baxter hope of a successful alternative candidate. While also hopeful, Cox said, "This state is 25 years behind in human rights issues."

Atkinson's comment that the controversy is the fault of the press belies an inability to see, or to admit seeing a grave problem with the remark, according to some observers.



Greenleaf the Clown, a 'disorderly person' according to criminal charges pressed against her, surrounded by court officers.

I told Judy Freiworth, staff person for the New England Campaign to Stop the Euromissiles, what Woluschuk had said. "I think that's outrageous," she said. "It seems like they can get away with being brutal, verbally and physically abusing people. I think we're definitely going to take action, whether it's legal or political...It was clear, repressive harassment. No question about that."

Freiworth said that after the civil disobedience people had been arrested, most of the attorneys left the demonstration to go to the courthouse. Only the legal moving picketers, one legal observer, several musicians and Greenleaf the Clown were left at the scene. The police, according to Freiworth, "stormed the picket line and pulled out the musicians, said to them they were not moving, that they had witnesses. I saw them, they had been moving." The musicians were arrested.

Freiworth said Greenleaf "went up to the police and said 'These are my friends you've arrested' and they said 'You're coming with us.'"

CLUM Executive Director John Roberts told GCN he had been concerned at the police threats to arrest not just the people doing civil disobedience, but also the legal pickets. "That tends to have a very chilling effect on whether you'll go down there or not if you don't want to get arrested," Roberts said. "When the arrests began, then some of the police got excited. At least one woman who was legally picketing was shoved on the street and arrested."

CLUM attorneys will be representing the musicians, Greenleaf the Clown, the legal picket and a legal observer who were arrested, and me. And arrangements have been made for at-

torneys to represent the people doing civil disobedience, if they wish to be represented.

"It was an extremely successful demonstration," Freiworth remarked. "The focus of it was protesting not only the issue of nuclear weapons, but the significant part of it was that they were marketing the new technology aspects of it as well." Freiworth noted that 700 people took part in the legal picket, and that the action drew "tremendous media coverage."

David Perrigo contrasted the demonstration with civil disobedience actions in the 1960s in which he participated, and said he thought the women's movement had exerted a significant positive influence on political organizing since then. In the '60s, Perrigo said, "there was a lot of opposition to things, but I didn't feel like we had created anything...Even more than the success or failure of this action itself, I think what's important is the long-range building of a movement in which people learn new ways of governing themselves and interacting."

Perrigo and others described to me a scene I regret having missed, in my haste to leave the courthouse after I was released. After the last person had been arraigned and the court adjourned, the mass of people swept through the courthouse in a dancing line, singing the songs they had sung at the hotel that morning. Judge Umana, on his way out of the courtroom, passed through the dancers. He couldn't help but smile.

Hearings for the 70 people arrested have been scheduled for January 25, 26 and 27 at 9:30 a.m. in Boston Municipal Court, Fourth Floor, Suffolk County Courthouse, in Government Center.

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Bob Hungerford, the Chairperson of the Maricopa County Republican Committee gave GCN at least one reason why the statement should not have been made. "It hurts the Republican party because it gives the enemies of the Republican party some fodder for their cannons. They now can take potshots. It can now be used as evidence that the Republican party is insensitive to the needs of the gay community. That's not true."

Cox, Hungerford's counterpart in the Democratic party, suggested that sensitivity to gay issues must be measured in actions. She told GCN that if the remark had come from a Democrat "we would censure... We'd want people to know that we don't tolerate that kind of behavior."

Hungerford told GCN that he views the remark as "insensitive" to the gay community but does not

see it as very harmful. "He did not mean that medical experiments should be performed on gay people. That speaks of Nazism... Hawley's just an old cowboy. I don't think he understands that gays have a problem..."

In explaining to GCN how the subject of gay people could have just popped up in a discussion of medical research on animals if there wasn't some bigotry involved, Hungerford said that Atkinson's remarks were an attempt at humor. "WASP American males have a locker room jargon that other males recognize. It's a sort of subculture. Men in a locker room say a lot of things that we wouldn't say in public. Sometimes, our mouths get ahead of our brains and we say those kinds of things in public and we don't mean anything by them. Maybe it was an attempt at some kind of crude humor."

Haiti

Continued from page 13

wanting to make sure that I have registered the tremendous figure. "I come home and buy this house for \$2000!"

August 28, Cap-Haitien

The next day as Celine and I walk together to my bus back to Port-au-Prince, only to learn that it will not leave until the next day, we see two men, one old and one young, dragging a woman between them. She looks ageless — sunken and anonymous in the black clothing of the very poor, and her labor is coming fast.

"She wants to go to the hospital," Celine explains to me, "but her men don't want to spend the money for a taxi. Sometimes the police will call for the ambulance. It will not come except for the police." After a while the police, young men in shiny brown uniforms, do come out but won't call the ambulance. "Let her have it right here," they joke. "And then it will belong to us. Let's hope for a girl." The woman looks straight ahead, sagging when the pains come, but making no noise at all. Finally the police tell her to get off their stairs and she does, leaving a pool of blood under her. I think I'm about to witness my first birth but to my relief Celine springs into action.

"Look at that blood!" she screams at the police and the accompanying family members. "You men make me sick! This is

not a cow, it's a woman!" She flags down a taxi, paying for it herself, and sends the woman off to the hospital. The pool of blood remains on the steps, smelling strongly in the sun. The police walk through it with their boots. As Celine and I walk home, we wonder aloud if she made it to the hospital in time and I keep seeing that mute suffering face. "If it's a girl she'll have to sell it," Celine says. "With men like that. . . . She was an old woman anyway, too worn out to bring up a baby."

The bus driver decides to leave at four the next morning and Celine and I walk in companionable silence through the dark early morning streets of Cap-Haitien. "Don't forget me," she commands, as do so many of the Haitians I meet. "When you are back in America will you still remember my name?"

August 30, Port-au-Prince

On this, the day before I leave Haiti, I go to say goodbye to Lawrence's family. I give Ruth some money she asks for, "to buy the baby some milk." Later we are sitting on the bench outside and suddenly she puts the little girl in my arms.

"Here," she says, "I give her to you. Take her to the United States." And she gets up to leave. "I can't take her," I begin.

"You'd miss her, you'd wish you had her back."

"What do you mean, miss her? I can't even feed her. You told me you want a girl baby. You could get one from the sisters, they sell them all the time, to white ladies from America. There you could pick the one you like. A supermarket. But here it's for nothing."

And she gets up and, walking with the majestic, straight-backed walk of women who grow up carrying weights on their heads, leaves the courtyard. She has not returned by the time I leave the house. The baby screams and cries until someone comes from the house to take it from me.

August 31, New York City

To get back to Boston I have to change from Kennedy Airport, where I landed, to LaGuardia. "Please don't throw the drum," I ask the fat red-faced bus driver, who is heaving my delicately painted voodoo drum, a gift, into the baggage compartment.

"Lady, ya want special treatment, take a taxi." And he gives it a parting kick. On the air-conditioned bus, a honeymooning couple from Buffalo, both fat and pale of hair, eyebrows and skin, discuss their trip to St. Thomas. "You could only get one channel on TV and the color was lousy. And half the time it wasn't even in English!"

Silkwood

Continued from page 7

dope-dealing dyke vegetarian roommate. This movie's going to make Cher the next lesbian heart-throb (she already won over the faggots with her performance in *Come Back to the Five and Dime Jimmy Dean Jimmy Dean*), although I'm not sure that it ought to. Dolly is an asexual Sancho hopelessly in love with Karen's enthusiastically straight Quixote, until she picks up Angela (Diana Scarwyd), the local mortuary beautician. Dolly loses all identifiable personality for the duration of the relationship, which she and Angela spend lying around watching TV and putting on makeup. Dolly regains some of

her spark after Angela splits but only to resume her unrequited love for Karen. The film implies that it is Dolly who rats to Kerr McGee on Karen's investigations into faulty pipe welds, confirming her prejudices that queers are weak-brained and unreliable. Cher and Scarwyd both manage to transcend their characters as written, however, and play Dolly and Angela as appealing and dignified people. Drew, for his straight-boy homophobia, is shown up as a fool.

It's unfortunate that a movie with the dramatic and political strength of *Silkwood* has such a disastrous denouement. The fatal

car wreck takes place to the accompaniment of Streep singing "Amazing Grace" over and over again. Then we endure a few mortifying, slow-motion flashbacks. At least there's not a lot of unnecessary blood.

Most infuriating is a notice flashed on the screen before the final credits which reminds us that we'll never *really know* how Karen Silkwood died, that the police found it to be a single-car accident and that the autopsy showed downs and alcohol in her system. This feeble attempt at "balance" and "objectivity" negates the story and message of the entire film. I recommend walking out when the hymn singing starts.

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LESBIAN NETWORKING NEWSLETTER

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GCNer Wrecked

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GCN SPECIALS

BOSTON GAY HISTORY

We are seeking information on Scollay Square and its immediate surroundings during and before World War II, especially on the Imperial Cafe and Hotel as a cruising and drinking spot for seamen, as well as the Old Howard Burlesque on Howard St. and the Casino Burlesque on Hanover St., the 5c all-night movie theaters. Any contributions will be greatly appreciated. Please write Freddie Greenfield, c/o GCN, 167 Tremont St., 5th Fl., Boston, MA 02111 or call (617) 426-4469 and leave a message so we can set up an interview.

GCN Office Manager (Mike) needs some help with a few projects. One is doing a headline index of past articles in GCN. The other is setting up some metal shelving for our archives of past issues of other gay publications. If you can help with either, please call Mike at 426-4469. Thank you.

BED US!

Well, cot us, anyway. We would really appreciate it if someone would give us a cot or two. We have several staffers with bad backs and a cot to lie down on during the day would help them tremendously. If you want to give us one, please call Michael 426-4469. Thanks.

CLASSIFIED HELP NEEDED

If you have some time and you can type without hating it too much, please contact Nancy Walker at 426-4469 (leave name & phone number and I'll call you back). I want to do a lot of mailing and need some kind person or persons to help by typing addresses onto labels. It's dull and boring but you can legitimately feel like a hero. Thank you.

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GCN's office manager would love to have some strong dyke or sweet faggot (or vice versa, or however) to help put some order (not too much!) in our storage 'closet': assembling some metal shelving we have and putting the GCN and other 'archives' in shape. Any afternoons Mon thru Fri your labor/play will be appreciated. If interested call Mike at 426-4469.

Any book-o-philes (files?) out there who want to help us do an index of all our book supplements, please call Mike at 426-4469.

If you have paperback (especially gay) books that you've read and don't want, the Prisoner Project would like them to send out to prisoners: Fiction or non-fiction, gay or straight; many of our prisoner readers are in for "crimes of love" (outdoor sex, man/boy sex, etc.), and books on these subjects are much sought. Please call Mike at 426-4469

PROMOTIONS NEEDS HELP

GCN Promotions Dept needs help doing small mailings & other fun things. If you have a few hours during the day (say, once a week) consider spending them at GCN. Call Richard at 426-4469. Hurry.

HOW DRY WE ARE!

And we would really appreciate it if someone out in that big world could give us a humidifier. No kidding, the air in here in winter is dreadfully lacking in moisture and our hot breath doesn't do the trick (not here, anyway). Our sacred typesetting machine would like the moister air also. Anyone willing, give Mike a ding at 426-4469. Thanks.

If you wish to respond to a **GCN Box Number** (be sure that it is *not* an outside box); people sometimes make that mistake and do not reach the desired recipient) send to GCN, 167 Tremont St., 5th Floor, Boston, MA 02111, Attention Classifieds Box

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OK, now that I've got your attention: In the near future we hope to put together some "Freedom's Just" (prisoner writings) on these topics, so get out your pens (or typewriters, if you can — double-spaced, please) and stop worrying about being a good writer and just write like you were talking to a friend about something you care about. (1) Prisoners writing about successes they've had with changing things, and also about what kinds of changes are most important to make now; (2) case law on censorship of mail, and on sexual harassment and the misuse of 'protective custody' (segregation); (3) poetry; (4) writings about your relations with people in different races and (economic) classes and their attitudes toward gay sex; (5) notes on organizations in your area that are helpful to prisoners (publications, legal help, jobs and housing resources for parole etc.). We're interested in seeing things from people both inside and out. Thanks. Enjoy.

TO ALL THOSE WHO IN AND OUT OF PRISON FIGHT AGAINST THEIR BONDAGE (Alexander Berkman, Prison Memoirs of an Anarchist).



Do you have any t-shirts? If so, I'd like to have one to wear. And please put me in touch with a nice woman, preferably a butch. At moments like these I wish to share myself with someone if they are willing to listen and talk. I would enjoy hearing from people on both the inside and outside. Tracee KENNEDY, PO Box 99, Framingham MA 01701.

Female prisoner down but not out and wishes to write anyone who'd like to. Daphne SMITH, W-17746, LB-305L, Frontera CA 91720.



GCN GAY AND LESBIAN PRISONER PROJECT

We send free papers, books (when they are donated and when money for postage is donated) and run free penpal ads. (There's sometimes a long waiting list because of limited space.) Little by little as we get more volunteer labor power we'll be looking for other ways to support lesbians and gay men behind bars. If you can help with your time or a contribution (of money or paperbacks), please send to Gay and Lesbian Prisoner Project, c/o GCN, 167 Tremont St., 5th Fl., Boston, MA 02111. Thanks!

I would like some correspondence with people on the inside (if your prison permits it) as well as the outside. I'm a lesbian female, 20 years old and my most outstanding features are my pierced unmentionable and my eyes. I am an American Indian with Irish and French descent. Mary F. MILLER, 17750 MCU 131-B, Frontera CA 91720.

I'm not only the only dyke, but also the only Indian in this place and would love to hear from some folks out there, especially Indians. Sarah GIBSON, 34481, PO Box 160, Lansing KS 66043.

Attractive, intelligent lady is down and would like to correspond with someone out there. Race is no problem. Leslie D. ROSS, W-17755, LB-Rm 355, Frontera CA 91720.

TVs and TSs!!!!

There's a newspaper for TVs and TSs which we've just heard about but don't yet know if it's free to prisoners or not. Check it out. Female Impersonator News, PO Box N, Belmar NJ 07719.

TVs, TSs, and admirers

If you are a TV, TS or an admirer you know how hard it is to meet others. Join the U.S. TV-TS Contact Service, 1017B, East Pike St., Seattle WA 98122.

Hi, my name is David and I am a prisoner who desires correspondence from sincere and broadminded people who are interested in writing a lonely man who is in need of outside communication. Send photo if possible. D.G. BROOKS, 134643, Box 69, London OH 43140.

Prisoners Seeking Friends

NOTE TO PRISONERS: SINCE WE HAVE ONLY A LIMITED NUMBER OF PAPERS TO SEND OUT TO PRISONERS, PLEASE DON'T ASK FOR A COPY FOR YOURSELF IF YOU CAN READ ONE THAT SOMEONE ELSE THERE IS GETTING. THANKS!

I desire to find someone who might like getting to know me, someone who cares to know themselves and me better. I am a lithographer, seeking to share an honest-mutual exchange with another human being. Melvin DAVIDSON, Box 57, 173330, Marion OH 43302. I'd love to hear from some of you beautiful transsexuals and gays, to help temporarily relieve me of these conditions that fate has lured me into. Even a two line letter plays an important part in an environment of loneliness and despair and overall gross boredom! Matthew POLLARD, 174-383, PO Box 57, Marion OH 43302.

BLUE



El Comité Latino

de Lesbianas y Homosexuales de Boston

By Warren Blumenfeld

A gay Cuban refugee arrived in Boston leaving his family behind. He felt lonely, isolated and homesick, not knowing anyone in the city. He did not speak English and his future seemed uncertain.

A lesbian student traveled from her home in Mexico City to attend a local college. All of the faces in her dormitory were new and strange to her and she began to have second thoughts about coming such a distance. She longed for a kind word of welcome.

A second generation Puerto Rican man found himself wanting to talk to someone about his emerging gay feelings but he didn't know where to turn. He feared talking to his family and friends because he wasn't sure how they would respond. He wanted desperately to confide his feelings to someone soon because he felt as if he would burst.

Though people like these may find themselves in very different situations, surprisingly the solutions to their problems are quite similar. To get the help they need, they can make a simple phone call to a group in Boston which is designed to provide assistance and support to gay and lesbian Latinos. El Comité Latino de Lesbianas y Homosexuales de Boston is the group's name. Though more of a networking body than a formalized organization, its purpose is to provide a place for an exchange of information and a space for organizing political and social gatherings.

El Comité was born in the spring of 1979 out of a desire to present a unified and visible Latino presence at the National March for Lesbian and Gay Rights in October of that year in Washington, D.C. One of its first official ac-

tivities was to join with black and Asian leaders in organizing Boston's First Third World Gathering, held at the Harriet Tubman House in the South End one month before the March. Here contacts were made and issues of common concern were discussed. Many of the participants traveled down to Washington together to attend the National Lesbian and Gay Third World Conference, which preceded the

Local Niches

March by one week.

Sparked by the power and energy generated by the March and Conference, El Comité members came back to Boston desiring to continue and expand their role within the community.

El Comité is coordinated by a five to seven member Steering Committee which meets periodically to discuss policy and conduct business. When needed, ad hoc committees are formed to plan activities and services for the group. All meetings are conducted in Spanish.

The membership is Pan American in scope, including Puerto Ricans, Cubans, Salvadorans, Chileans, Mexicans, those from other South and Central American countries and also those who are native U.S. born of Latino heritage. At the present time the group includes 30 to 40 men and 15 to 20 women.

According to group spokesperson Armando Gaitán, their major role is to serve in an informational capacity. People can call El Comité

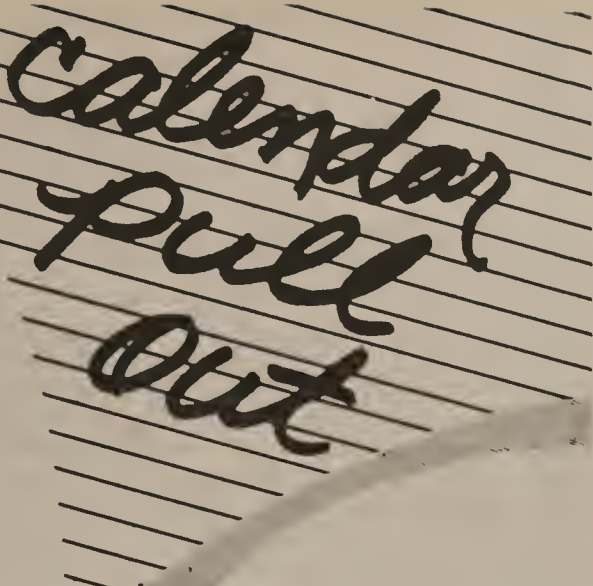
for referrals when needing to contact sympathetic doctors, welfare representatives, lawyers and counselors. Group members also provide a safe and private space to talk with those who are beginning to deal with their gay and lesbian feelings.

Members have been invited to appear on radio and TV talk shows and a few have joined the Boston Lesbian and Gay Speakers' Bureau and have traveled to speaking engagements talking about their groups.

El Comité members have involved themselves in political activities. They were committed to the settlement and sponsorship of gay Cuban refugees through La Casa Amarilla (The Yellow House) Project in Jamaica Plain in 1981. They were also active in coordinating the recent political campaigns of Mel King for Mayor, David Scondras for City Council and Félix Arroyo for School Committee in the largely Latino Mission Hill section of Boston.

El Comité leaders emphasize that their group serves a vital social function. Parties are occasionally given where people can simply come to meet one another and have a good time in a friendly environment to share experiences, to laugh and to feel at home. Support networks have been developed among group members, ending some of the isolation they often felt before joining.

To contact El Comité Latino de Lesbianas y Homosexuales de Boston, write P.O. Box 365, Cambridge, MA 02139, or call (617) 354-1755.



BOSTON-AREA GAY/LESBIAN BUSINESS GUIDE				
<div>ACCOMMODATIONS</div> <div>OASIS GUEST HOUSE 22 Edgerly Rd. Boston, MA 02115 (617) 267-2262</div> <div>WATERSHIP INN P.O.Box 918 7 Winthrop St. Provincetown, MA 02657 (617) 487-0094</div> <div>ACUPUNCTURE</div> <div>SEAN VARNUM Suite 401 678 Mass Ave. Cambridge, MA 02139 (617) 576-2114 (617) 321-8818</div> <div>LIMOUSINE SERVICES</div> <div>WAITES ROLLS ROYCE LIMOUSINE SERVICE Christopher Waites (617) 567-0420 (305) 564-1292</div> <div>CHIROPRACTORS</div> <div>DR. EDWARD COHEN Brookline Family Chiropractic Office 1330 Beacon St. Brookline, MA 02146 (617) 734-7744</div> <div>DR. JONATHAN D. STEIN 375 Harvard St. Brookline, MA 02146 (617) 232-7200</div> <div>DR. JAN RISING 418 Washington St., Sulte 112 Brighton, MA 02135 (617) 782-0267</div> <div>CINEMA</div> <div>ART CINEMA 204 Tremont St. Boston, MA 02111 (617) 482-4661</div> <div>NORTH STATION CINEMA 2 175 Portland St. Boston, MA 02114 (617) 227-0513</div>	<div>DENTISTRY</div> <div>DR. RICHARD BANKHEAD DR. PAUL GROIPEN 1259 Hyde Park Ave. Hyde Park, MA 02136 (617) 364-5500</div> <div>JOHN C. BARNA, D.M.D. 739 Boylston St. Boston, MA 02116 (617) 353-1500</div> <div>GYMS</div> <div>SOUTH END GYM 46 Waltham St. South End, Boston MA (617) 451-3514</div> <div>NEW ENGLAND WOMEN'S GYM 1261 Cambridge St. Inman Sq. Cambridge, MA 497-9776</div> <div>HOME REPAIRS</div> <div>GEORGE W. CASPER 47 Waldeck St. Dorchester, MA 02124 (617) 288-3228</div> <div>INFORMATION/MEDIA</div> <div>XANADU GRAPHICS 143 Albany St. Cambridge, MA 02139 661-6975</div> <div>INSURANCE</div> <div>DAVID L. COLLINS, CLU Boston Cape Cod 1-800-352-3185</div> <div>MEDICAL/COUNSELING</div> <div>SOUTHERN JAMAICA PLAIN HEALTH CENTER 687 Centre St. Jamaica Plain, MA 02130 (617) 522-5900</div>	<div>CLINICAL PSYCHOLOGY ASSOCIATES Dr. Herbert Lovett Dr. Beth Leimkuhler 36 Newbury St. Boston, MA 02116 (617) 292-4532</div> <div>FENWAY COMMUNITY HEALTH CENTER 16 Haviland St. Boston, MA 02115 (617) 267-7573</div> <div>JACK CEMPELLIN, M.S. ASSOCIATED COUNSELORS Salem & Copley Square (617) 745-7029</div> <div>GENDER IDENTITY SERVICE OF NEW ENGLAND 136 Causeway St. Hudson, MA 01749 (617) 568-0680</div> <div>FRANCIS GIAMBRONE, MA, COUNSELING 110 Orchard St. Somerville, MA 02144 (617) 628-6988</div> <div>NORTH SHORE CMHC COUNSELING 47 Congress St. Salem, MA 01970 (617) 744-5322</div> <div>PLACE/HOTLINE AND COUNSELING 32 Rutland St. Boston, MA (617) 267-9150</div> <div>ALLAN SINGER, LICSW PSYCHOTHERAPIST Copley Square Boston, MA 02116 (617) 266-2240</div> <div>ARADIA COUNSELING FOR WOMEN 520 Commonwealth Ave. Kenmore Square Boston, MA 02115 (617) 247-4861</div>	<div>TAPESTRY, Inc. 20 Sacramento St. Cambridge, MA 02138 (617) 661-0248</div> <div>COUNSELING ASSOCIATES 23 East Main St. Westboro, MA 01581 (617) 366-8576</div> <div>MASS. BAY COUNSELING ASSOC. 25 Huntington Ave. #331 Boston, MA 02116 (617) 353-0225</div> <div>GAY AND LESBIAN COUNSELING SERVICE 80 Boylston St. #855 Boston, MA 02111</div> <div>LAMBDA COUNSELING ASSOCIATES 324 Marlborough St. Boston, MA 02116 (617) 353-1729</div> <div>PODIATRY</div> <div>A HOUSECALL Jeanne M. Arnold, DPM William A. Sandberg, DPM (617) 396-7527</div> <div>REAL ESTATE</div> <div>MARK THOMAS CO, LTD Mark Zimmerman Charles St. Boston, MA 02114 (617) 227-2209</div> <div>RACHAEL REALTY CO. INC. 318 Harvard St. #31 The Arcade Building Brookline, MA 02146 277-0230</div> <div>LANDSCAPE DESIGN</div> <div>BEST LANDSCAPE DESIGN CO. 53 Hawthorne St. Somerville, MA 02144 (617) 776-6377</div>	<div>REMODELING</div> <div>T.H.E. CONTRACTORS, INC. 36 Pine St. Chelsea, MA 02150 (617) 889-4347</div> <div>LITTLE BEAR AND COMPANY 702 Broadway Somerville, MA 02144 (617) 666-2778</div> <div>TRAVEL</div> <div>FOREX TRAVEL 76 Arlington St. Boston Park Plaza 482-2900</div> <div>WOMEN</div> <div>NEW WORDS BOOKSTORE 186 Hampshire St. Cambridge, MA 02139 (617) 876-5310</div> <div>WOMENCRAFTS, INC. P.O. Box 190 373 Commercial St. Provincetown, MA 02657</div> <div>WOMEN'S BARS</div> <div>THE MARQUEE 512 Mass Ave Cambridge, MA 02139 492-9545</div> <div>SOMEWHERE/ELSE 295 Franklin St. Boston, MA 423-7730</div> <div>BOOKSTORES</div> <div>GLAD DAY BOOKSTORE 43 Winter St. Boston, MA 02108 (617) 542-0144</div> <div>This guide provides a listing of gay/lesbian owned, staffed, or supportive businesses and services. To have your busi- ness or service listed (for only \$100.00 per year) call 426-4469</div>



Lesbian/Gay History at NYC

An extensive reading, study and discussion group is being taught in New York City by gay historian Jonathan Ned Katz author of Gay American History and the recently published Gay/Lesbian Almanac. The course is sponsored by the National Gay Task Force's Fund for Human Dignity, which is administering a grant given to Katz by the New York Council on the Arts.

The wide-ranging survey course will cover lesbian and gay American history from the colonial era to the present and will stress problems in understanding the character of same-

sex relations under different social conditions. No prior knowledge of history is required but Katz hopes participants will "read their brains out" and take an active part in discussions based on readings.

The twelve-session course will meet in the Washington Square area every two weeks from 7-9:30 PM beginning Thursday, January 26 and continuing until June 22. The class is open and free to the public but enrollment is limited to 40 ongoing participants on a first-come, first-enrolled basis.

To register or for more information call Viola Matthews at the Fund for Human Dignity, (212) 741-5800.

Uncommon Women and Others by Wendy Wasserstein. Directed by Larry Carpenter. With Michele Seyler, Jill Choder, Ann Risely, Ronna Kress. At The Huntington Theater Company, 264 Huntington Ave. Boston. Playing through December 18.

The Huntington Theater Company has followed their rather dismal attempt at high polished comedy — Noel Coward's Design For Living — with a less sophisticated, but very polished production of Wendy Wasserstein's Uncommon Women and Others. First presented at Yale Rep and then off-Broadway, the play enjoyed a well received production on PBS television. Billed as "A Play About Five Women Graduates of a Seven Sisters College Six Years Later," Uncommon Women and Others is an update of Clare Booth Luce's The Women without the scorn or Mary McCarthy's The Group with much more compassion.

Beginning and ending with a reunion in a Manhattan restaurant in 1977, the play concerns the lives and relationships of five women students and some of their friends at Mount Holyoke College in the early 1970s. As a male voice drones on between scenes about the options opened to these "uncommon women" (Wasserstein has actually quoted from and paraphrased a 1966 Mt. Holyoke newsletter), we see the women themselves trying to come to grips with what they will do in the real world after the security of college. Kate is going to law school, Samantha has found the right man and is going to get married, Rita is going to write her novel — finally, if only she can get her head together — and Holly is making a list of the options open to her. (During the reunion at the end of the play, Holly is still making her list of options.)

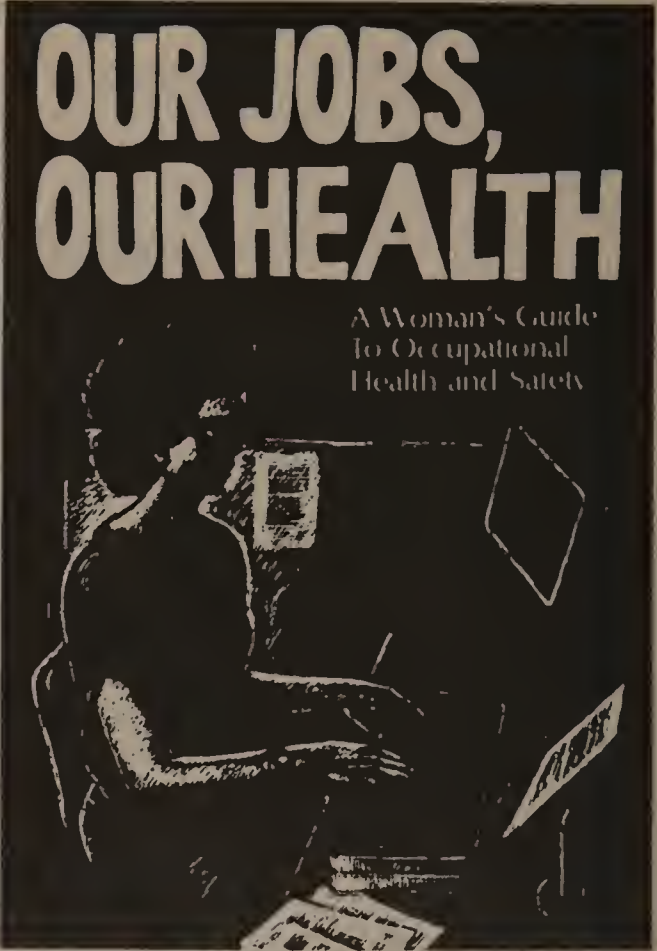
Part of what makes Uncommon Women interesting is that it details a specific moment in women's history. Feminism has permeated society enough so that these upper-class white women are now able to think in more autonomous terms than they ever had before. Rita has discovered that there is such a thing as male privilege ("This entire society is based on cocks — The New York Times, Walter Cronkite, all the buildings and roads, . . . history, religion, shopping malls") and Muffet knows that she really shouldn't wait until "her prince" comes along but isn't sure what else she wants to do. And even though Kate is going to law school she is afraid that she may be too male-identified and ambitious. Although hardly completely "politically correct" (whatever that means), Uncommon Women captures quite precisely the emergence of feminism in the lives of the common woman, uncommon as her college may be.

Wasserstein's writing is low-key. There are no big scenes here, very little dramatic thrust (Rita would approve), but a series of nice, small, yet realized moments that both illuminate and engage the characters in ways that are critical yet understanding. Wasserstein does not have the distance that McCarthy or Luce use on the same material; you feel that she understands all too well her women and considers herself one of them. There is little flashy writing but the jokes build nicely and the more dramatic moments carry a weight that is supported by and reinforces the play's loose structure.

Although there is a lot of talk about "men," you never have the feeling that the women are more concerned with that topic than with the reactions of their peers. At one point they play a game and all have to decide which of the other she would marry. Ostensibly about "marriage," the game really reveals how each of the women views her own and the other's strengths and weaknesses: it is an interesting switch-about on the usual gender expectations and heterosexual assumptions. Wasserstein has a knack for getting across an interesting or cogent political point without pushing it or making it too obvious.

The Huntington Theater production is extraordinarily well cast and played. The play's easygoing naturalism is never overdone or pushed beyond believability and it is never played for easy laughs. The pacing is smooth and makes up for the fact that there are almost no "big scenes" to play up. Uncommon Women and Others is more than just uncommon; it's rare to see a play about women written and performed so well.

— Michael Bronski



Our Jobs, Our Health

A pamphlet has been published by the Boston Women's Health Book Collective and the Massachusetts Coalition for Occupational Safety and Health. Our Jobs, Our Health is a woman's guide to occupational health and safety. It includes chapters on recognizing hazards, job design, stress, toxic chemicals, workplace cancer, reproductive issues, controlling hazards, health and safety standards, legal rights, taking action, as well as a listing of further resources.

The Boston Women's Health Book Collective produced the bestsellers Our Bodies Ourselves, and Ourselves and Our Children, both published recently by Simon and Schuster. The collective recently received a community recognition award from the Boston Lesbian/Gay Political Alliance.

Our Jobs, Our Health is a much expanded version of the chapter on occupational health which will appear in the newly revised edition of Our Bodies, Ourselves to be published in April, 1984. Order it from BWHBC, Dept. OH, Box 192, West Somerville, MA 02144. Price is \$6 institutions/professionals, \$4 unions, non-profit groups and individuals. \$3 for 50 or more copies. Shipping is \$1 for the first book, 25 cents each additional.

Spanish Classes Postponed

CASA, the Central American Solidarity Association has postponed the start of their winter session of Spanish classes until the week of January 9. (see Notes, GCN Vol. 11, No. 21).

CASA Spanish classes are small, taught by native speakers and focus on Central American politics and culture. There are several levels of classes available: beginning, intermediate and advanced. Registration for the new session will now take place January 3 and 4. Call CASA for more information: 492-8699.

Quick Gay Guide

BOSTON-AREA LESBIAN AND GAY BUSINESSES (BARS, BOOKSTORES, COUNSELING, MEDICAL, ACCOMODATIONS, ETC.) ARE LISTED SEPARATELY WITH THE DISPLAY ADS IN THIS PAPER.

Boston Area (617) INFORMATION/SERVICE/SOCIAL

LESBIAN AND GAY HOTLINE (6pm-Mid.) Mon-Fri 426-9371

BAGALS (Boston Area Lesbian and Gay Schoolworkers) P.O. Box 178, Astor St., Boston, 02123

Black Men/White Men Social/Support Group c/o GCN, Box 1, 167 Tremont St. Boston 02111

Black Men's Assoc., PO Box 827, Boston 02123

BAGLY (Boston Alliance of Gay and Lesbian Youth, GCN Box 10GY, 167 Tremont, Boston 02111 497-8282

Boston Asian Gay Men & Lesbians c/o Glad Day Bookshop, 43 Winter St Boston, 02108 542-0144

Boston Gay Men's Chorus 522-6983

Boston Institute for Gay Studies Box 2750, Boston 02208 482-0897

Boston Lesbian & Gay History Project c/o Interrante, 24 Greenwich Pk #1, Boston 02118

Chiltern Mountain Club 275-1336

Box 104, 104 Charles St., Boston 02114

El Comité Latino de lesbianas y homosexuales de Boston. P.O. Box 365, Cambridge, 02139 354 1755

Fathers in Transition (Gay Bi), (Ex Ctr) 266-0621

c/o GCN, Box 6, 167 Tremont St., Boston 02111

Gay Fathers of Greater Boston, Box 1287, Kendall Sq., Cambridge MA 02142

Gay and Lesbian Physicians of New England (617) 482-6874 or 247 5485

Gay Professional Men's Group 944-4818

Gay and Lesbian Speakers Bureau, P.O. Box 2232, Boston 02107 354-0133

Lesbian and Gay Assoc. Engineers and Scientists (LGAES/Boston) P.O. Box 1417, Boston 02117 288-3228

Lesbian and Gay Folkdancing c/o GCN Box 5, 167 Tremont St., Boston, MA 02111 423-0942

Lesbian & Gay History Project 424-1993

Lesbian and Gay Hotline (6-12pm) Mon-Fri 426-9371

Merrymount Music Soc., Box 401, 104 Charles St. Boston 02114 236-4888

Outreach Institute, Box 368, Kenmore St., 02215 277-3454

Boston Parents and Friends of Lesbians and Gays P.O. Box 125-S 101, Arlington, MA, 02174 442-2632

Project Place, 32 Rutland St 02118 267 9150

Transsexual Hotline 568-0680

Triangle Theater, Box 127, 104 Charles St., Boston 02114

Watchline (Fri-Mon 7-10pm) 262-5250

POLITICAL/LEGAL

Boston Lesbian & Gay Political Alliance, Box 65, Boston, 02117 247-3910

B.U. Gay and Lesbian Legal Association B.U. Law School, 755 Comm. Ave. Cambridge Lesbian and Gay Alliance PO Box 1273, Cambridge 02238

Civil Liberties Union of Mass 47 Winter St., 02108 482-3170

GLAD (Gay & Lesbian Advocates and Defenders) 100 Boylston Suite 900 Boston, 02116 426-1350

Harvard Committee on Gay and Lesbian Legal Issues Roscoe Pound Hall, Cambridge, 02138

Lesbian/Gay Prisoner Project c/o GCN, 167 Tremont, Boston 02111

Mass Gay Political Caucus Box 179, 118 Mass Ave Boston 02115 262-1565

National Lawyers Guild, 14 Beacon St., Boston 02108 227-7335

STUDENT

Boston Intercollegiate Gay and Lesbian Alliance c/o GAMIT, Rm 50-306, Cambridge 02139

Northeastern U. Lambda, 260 Eli Ctr., 360 Huntington Ave., Boston 02115 437-2738

GAMIT (Gays at MIT), MIT 50-306 Walker, Cambridge 02139 253-5440

Harvard-Radcliffe Gay and Lesbian Student Assoc., Harvard 197 Memorial Hall, Cambridge 02138 495-5476

Harvard Lesbian and Gay Medical/Dental Students Group Box 250c, 107 Ave. Louis Pasteur, Boston 02115

Babson College, Gay and Lesbian Alliance Box A, Babson Park, Wellesley, 02157

Tufts U., Gay and Lesbian Community, c/o Student Activities Off., Medford 02155 628-2828

Boston College G and L Support Group, Haley House, Chestnut Hill 02167

Northeastern School of Law, Lesbian and Gay Caucus 400 Huntington Ave, Boston 02115

U/Mass/Boston, Lesbian and Gay Ctr., Rm 1-4-178, Dorchester 02125 929-8276

Brandeis U., Triskellon, Box 2275 Waltham 02254 647-4491 or 647-4899

Boston U., Gays and Lesbians, c/o Program Resources Off., Sherman Union, Boston 02215

Yale Gay and Lesbian Alumni/Boston, c/o GCN Box 7, 167 Tremont, Boston 02111

Wellesley Lesbians & Friends, Feminist Coop Oakwoods, Wellesley Coll Wellesley MA 02151

WOMEN

Aradia Counseling for Women, 520 Comm Ave (Kenmore Sq.) 247-4861 x58

Cambridge Women's Center, 46 Pleasant St 354-8807

Daughters of Bilitis, 1151 Mass. Ave., Cambridge 02138 661-3633

Dyke Doctors (Lesbian Physicians, Med Students Health Profs) 354-5910

Gay Professional Women's Assn., Box 339, Boston U Sta., Boston 02215

Lesbian Lawyers and Legal Workers 723-6327

Lesbian Liberation, c/o Women's Center 354-8807

Lesbian S/M Group 776-7957

National Organization for Women 99 Bishop Allen Dr., Cambridge 02139 661-6015

Somerville Women's Center, 1 Summer St., 02143 628-6311

Tufts Women's Center 628-5000 x3184

Urania (lesbian and bisexual women's S/M group) Box 23, 89 Mass Ave., Boston 01225 623-7258

Women's Alcoholism Program, 1348 Cambridge St., Cambridge 02139 661-1316

RELIGIOUS

Am Tikva 782-8894

P.O. Box 11, Cambridge, 02138

Dignity, 355 Boylston St. Boston 02114 536-6518

Friends (Quaker) for Lesbian and Gay Concerns, 5 Longfellow Pk., Cambridge 227-9118

Integrity, P.O. Box 2582, Boston 02208 262-3057

Lutherans Concerned for Gay People 536-3788

Metropolitan Community Church 523-7664

Fr. Paul Shanley 964-0996

Unitarian Universalists Office of Lesbian/Gay Concerns 25 Beacon St., Boston 02108 742-2100

MEDIA

Boston's Other Voice, WROR, 98.5FM Dennis 353-0225

Fag Rag 661-7534

Gay Community News 426-4469

Good Gay Poets 661-7534

Lesbian and Gay Media Advocates (LAGMA) c/o GCN, 167 Tremont, 02111

Musically Speaking (WMBR 88.1FM, Sun. 1-3) Melanie 494-8810

Women's Educ Media, 47 Cherry St. Somerville 02144 666-0350

MEDICAL/COUNSELING

AIDS Action Committee c/o Fenway Community Health Center 16 Haviland St 02115

AIDS Hotline M-F 3-9pm Sat 10am-4pm 536-7733

Boston Free VD Info 1-800-272-2577 (8am-10pm, M-F)

Alcoholics Anonymous 426-9444

Exodus Ctr., 25 Huntington Ave. 02116 266-0612

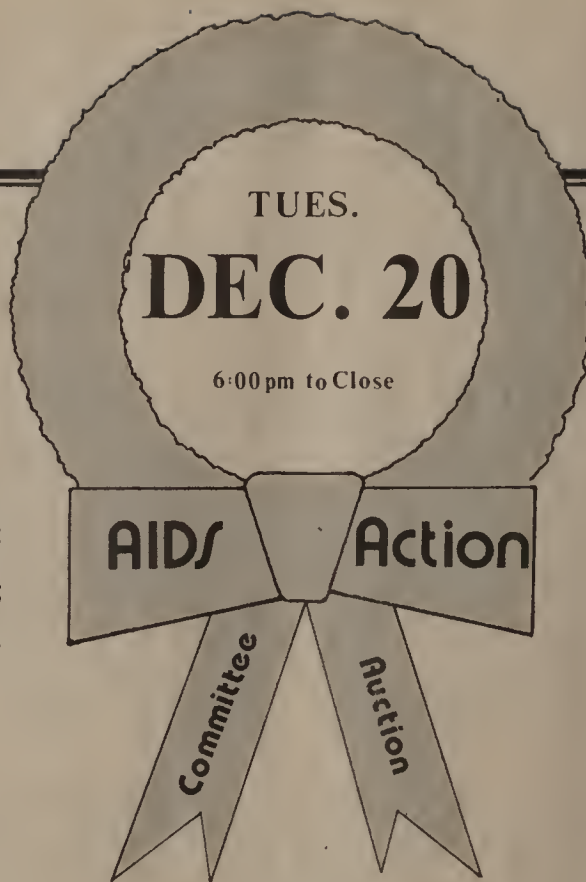
Gay & Lesbian Counseling Service 542-5188

Gay AlAnon (families of alcoholics) 843-5300

North Shore Gay and Lesbian Counseling Program (non-profit) 744-5322

Tapestry Inc. 20 Sacramento St., Cambridge 02138 661-0248

Tufts Skin Care Clinic (VD treatment) 956-5293



*P-town Rooms
Dinners
Things
Haircuts
ad infinitum*

*Get
photographed
with Santa!
Buddies Lounge*

Come early, stay late:

Do your Shopping at the Auction!

Buffet at 9:00 by Jimmy Thomas,
"A Touch of Class"

*Proceeds to Boston's AIDS Action Committee:
to fund the Hotline, continue education,
and assist People with AIDS through
the Hospice Program.*

To donate, see a Buddies staff member.